

THE ADVENTURES
OR
MICK CALLIGHIN, M.P.;
A STORY OF
Home Rule and The DeBurghos,
BY
W. R. ANCKEVILLE.



NCQ✓

U.S. issue of a
Canadian stamp

U.S. 6¢ from
Canadian
sheet

MICK CALLIGHIN, M.P.,

AND

THE DE BURGHOS.

THE ADVENTURES
OF
MICK CALLIGHIN, M.P.
A STORY OF
HOME RULE
AND
THE DE BURGHOS.

A ROMANCE,

By W. R. ANCKETILL.

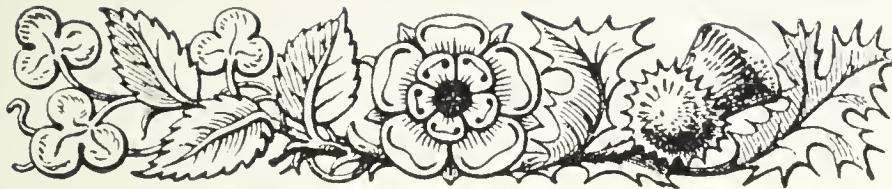


CHICAGO & DETROIT,
RAILROAD NEWS COMPANY.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2018 with funding from
University of Toronto

<https://archive.org/details/adventuresofmick00anck>



PREFACE.

THE aphorism, "Truth is stranger than Fiction," was originated by me, but few are aware of the fact ; it has been so universally pirated that I have now no remedy whatever ; in fact, it has become so hackneyed that I think it respectful to my readers to apologize for its use.

It is strange, and may appear incredible, that the following pages contain ninety-five per cent. of "Truth," or "Fact," and only five per cent. of "Fiction;" all the characters are drawn from life, and nearly all the incidents are "facts."

"In fact," it is the most truthful book that ever was written, except one. Heartily wishing that my readers may be so fortunate as to secure an equal percentage of pure, unadulterated value in all the goods they purchase, for physical support or for mental delectation, I respectfully subscribe myself, their

Obedient Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

MICK CALLIGHIN, M.P.

CHAPTER I.

“ FAR OFF FIELDS LOOK GREEN.”

I WAS born in Ireland, in the county of——, (to mention its name would be breaking confidence with myself) ; I ran about my fathers demesne, six hundred acres inside the fences, till I was ten years old ; my mother died about then, and, after her death, my stockings were not so well darned, and my clothing had holes at the knees and elsewhere, but for eating and drinking, Bridget, my father’s cook, crammed me with buttermilk, potatoes, and turkeys’ eggs *galore* : I was as happy as a kid.

One day my father said to me, “ Mick,” said he, “ you must have schoolin’, me boy ; yer growin’ fast, and ye’ll have to make yer livin’ ; Father McQuade sez yer not to be sent to the national school, nor thim godless Queen’s Colleges ; so I’ll get ould Barney Buckawn, who’s a Kerry scholar, an’ a gran’ one, I’m tould, to be your private tuthor —that ’ill soun’ well in the country ; an’ he’ll tache ye the larnin’ that ’ill make ye aquil to Counsellor Butt himself.”

As Barney had often given me “ dra’s o’ the pipe,” and he and I fished in the loch, after college, I was well pleased to be put under what he was always calling his “ ferula”— I didn’t know what that meant then, but I knew it, too well, afterwards.

As I am not writing this down at the time, I don't mention many things that took place, by reason that I don't remember them at all ; Barney and I got on well together, and he and the priest told my father that my "latinity" was grand ; and as for Greek, that Doctor Kennedy, of Dublin College, couldn't hold a candle to me ; and that I would soon wipe the eye of one Porson—who, I afterwards learned was the greatest Greek critic of the age.

"Well, by the time I was twenty, and had taken kindly to riding my father's old mare to the hounds, shooting snipe, and fly-fishing, and all other pursuits of a young Irish gentleman, my father said to me one day,—

"Mick, me boy, what between the bad toimes, an' the cholera that's got among the pigs, poor bastes, and that divvle of an attorney foreclosin' the mortgige whin there was only three years' interest due, I can't keep ye at home any longer : I've given ye a gran' edication, and I'm tould for a schollard ther's no place like London. I would loike to see you a great man before I die, an' so I've sold a cow, an' here's tin pounds an' me blessin', an' go to London : an' Mick," said he—with a wink of his eye—"I've seen you talkin' to Mary in the garden, an' it moight be as well for you to slip away widout mitionin' your intintion, for she moight be wantin' to go wid ye, and that would be an incumberance ; whin yer clane away, we'll tell her. She'll take to her bid an' greet for a few days, but me an' Father McQuade's made it all up, an' she an' Paddy Hare's to be called at the althar whin she gets up, an' there'll be no throuble. I'm sorry to lose ye, Mick, and maybe I'll niver see ye agin. I'm an ould man now, and Father McQuade sez its time for me to be 'makin' me sowl.'"

"Well, father," said I, "I'll do your bidding, and maybe

I'll make money enough in six months to pay off the mortgage ; and if I do I'll come back, and we'll gather the tenants and have the biggest dance ever was seen in the country ; and, father, you'll be kind to Mary ”——here my feelings gave way entirely.

Leaving home to go out in the wide world is a wrench to a boy's feelings ; and though I was six feet high in my stockings, I was but a boy in mind ; my father was a justice of the peace, and the greatest man in the barony, and some of his importance reflected itself upon me. I was “Masther Mick,” or the “young Masther,” over half the county ; and I felt leaving home and Mary more than I cared to confess. I had been told by a neighbour, that “one man was as good as another in London, an' a great dale betther,” and I found, later on, that he was right.

When my father came down to breakfast the next morning, I saw that his eyes were red, and I am not ashamed to confess that mine were too ; for I had wept for some time before I fell asleep. When I went into the kitchen to light my “dhudeen,” Bridget said, “There's throuble on ye, Masther Mick, for shure yer pillow's ringin' wet this blissid marnin,’ ”—and she looked at me hard. Thinks I, she'll tell Mary, and I had better make a moonlight flitting of it to-night ; so “Bridget,” said I, “I'm goin' to Lough Corrib early to-morrow to shoot ducks with the young lord, and I'll want all my best linen to-night.”

I then went back to the parlour, and said, “Father, don't go into the kitchen to-day, for if you do, Bridget will get it all out of you, and she'll tell Mary, and there'll be a ‘pillaloo’ among the women that will raise the parish on us.”

“Yer roight, Mick,” said he ; I'll jist take the ould mare,

an' ride over to Father McQuade's, an' bring him here to dinner. Tell Bridget to roast the goose that's hangin' in the kitchen, an' maybe we'll not have a noight of it, me boy ; an' whin all's quoit, ye can jist take yer bag in yer han', an' catch the train at Ballyporeen."

" Do, father," said I, " and I'll walk over to the college, and see Barney, and tell him what's up ; for if we take him into our confidence at once, he'll hold his tongue for the honour of the family, for since he has been private tutor to me, he just thinks himself one of us."

Barney's residence was erected against the back of a double-ditch ; the roof was not much higher than the ditch itself, and when you walked on the latter you could look down the chimney ; I always knew Barney was in the " college," as he called it, by the smoke ; and as I drew near, perceived that he was now cooking his dinner, for the smell of herrings was strong. I never went to see him till the scholars were gone, and his temper, which he called his " dhander," was down. The old man's delight was, to take his ragged Xenophon, or Lucian, and translate a page, while we drank a glass of his " ambrosia"—a beverage compounded of boiled beer, whiskey, salt butter, and coarse brown sugar, " wid a slice of an onion, jist to guv it a flavor, Masther Mick."

With the goose in prospect, I declined Barney's invitation to share his " potatoes and point," but we brewed the " ambrosia," and when we had lighted our " dhudeens," I told him what was up. Never will I forget his look of woe at the recital ; he fixed his eyes on an image of the Virgin Mary placed against the wall ; he held up his hands in the attitude of prayer ; tears ran down his furrowed cheeks ; at last the words came—first in Irish, the language of his heart, then in the vernacular of the country :—

“Och, Masther Mick, you that was the loight of me eyes, an’ the proyde iv all the fairs an’ markets roun’ ; who dar’d to shake a shillelagh at ye,” (here he seized the “ferula,” and gave it several quick twirls about his head,) “or to tread on the tail iv yer coat? Be the piper that played before Moses, they kept their distance, the spalpeens ; there wasn’t a gossoon”—Then a thought seemed to strike him, and his face grew grave. “Och, Masther Mick, fhwat about Mary the ‘colleen dhas?’ she’ll brake her lovin’ harrit”—This sentance was not finished, for chameleon-like, the expression of his countenance changed into a cunning leer. “Och, Masther Mick, fhwat dos Father McQuade say? An’ he’s plazed, it’s me duty to be plazed too—the holy man, that ‘ill be bishop, I’m tould, the next turn. An’ the ould masther, diz he want to part ye, jist whin yer ould enough to be crowner, or mimber o’ Parlimint for the county, as the divvle a doubt ye’ll be whan we git home rule,—an’ Butt sez that’ll be in three years toime. But av ye must go, Masther Mick, may the blessin o’ God, an’ the blissid Vargin, an’ all the saints, an’ the blessin’ o’ me, Barney Buckawn, Philomat’h, yer ould preceptor in the pad’ths o’ larnin’, go wid ye an’ keep ye in grace ! Amin.”

Knowing that it was useless to say anything until the fountain of Barney’s eloquence had exhausted itself, I smoked my “dhudeen” as composedly as I could, for my own feelings were thumping at my heart like the drumsticks of an Orangeman on a drum in July ; but, when he ceased, I had to speak.

“Barney,” said I, as I took his hand in mine, “you’re a true friend, and a friend of the family, and I’d trust you with untold gold, and with the family secrets, that none know but my father, the priest, and myself. We’re poor,

Barney, and we're getting poorer, and God knows I'm shamming myself in saying so ; and as for the cornorship, or going into Parliament, that game is all up : England is a fatter country than this, and my father and Father McQuade both say, ' Try your luck in London, Mick, and maybe you'll get alongside some rich man that will make your fortune, or meet with some grand lady with bags of gold, who may take a fancy to your handsome face and fine figure ; and for the love of God, go,' say both of them, ' And as for Mary'—here I looked at the smoke going up the chimney—"my father and Father McQuade have taken that in hand ; and I'll send Paddy the money for the ring, and what will buy a pig." Here, feeling my heart bumping again, I took Barney's two hands, and said, " I'll go away happier if you'll swear to me that you'll just keep what I've told you inside of your teeth, and go up to the Castle now and again, and smoke a ' dhudeen ' with father, and keep him company in the long evenings, and write me a letter now and again ; and maybe it won't be long till I come back and hold up my head with the best of them."

The old man got up, and taking from a cupboard a well-thumbed breviary, marked with a faded gilt cross, knelt down on the floor.

" Masther Mick," said he, " be the blessin' o' God an' the Vargin, be all the saints in glory, not lavin' out yer blissid mother—that's one iv them, I'm sartin shure, and lookin' down an uz this day—I swear be this holy book, that wos blist be the Pope o' Room, nivir to tell morthal shwat yev tould me, an' may the curse o' Cromwell be an me av I do !—Amin." Here he kissed the book, with a noise that reminded me of many a thwack of the broad, horny palm I had heard delivered upon the dirty little face of some unfortunate *gosthoon* in the college.

“Now, Masther Mick,” said he, “I’ve done me dhuty as yer tuthor, an’ edicated ye in the larnin’ o’ the anshints, from Homer to Plinny an’ Heroditus, an’ other potes ; but I’ve a secret I’ve niver put you, nor any one else, up to. I larned it from a Cornishman that came over to catch pilchats in Bantry Bay—bad cess to thim, fhwat bizness have they to be catchin’ Oirish pilchats at all ? It’ll be useful to ye in Doblin an’ London,—it’s how to throw a polisman. Stan’ up till I giv’ ye the grap an’ the fut.” This knowledge he imparted to me on the goose green in front of the college, after looking about to see that there were no spectators. Though one of the best wrestlers in the county, I found myself instantly on the broad of my back. What the secret is I have kept and intend to keep to myself, but it served me well more than once and some of the London “bobbies” have cause to remember the occasion when they had the honour of trying a fall with Barney’s pupil.

“Now, Masther Mick,” he continued, “there’s jist wan word more—be modherate in yer dhrink. I takes jist foive glasses a day ; before breakfast I takes a ‘rouser,’ before dinner an ‘appetizer,’ an’ after dinner a ‘dighester’ ; then, before supper I takes a ‘consoler,’ an’ whan I’m retoiring, a ‘composer’ ; that’s foive only, an’ it laves room to stritch, av yer meets a frind.”

CHAPTER II.

“ FAREWELL.”

I TOOK leave of Barney with many warm grips of a fist moistend after the native custom, and wishes of “Good luck t’ye, me bouchal !” When I got home I saw Father McQuade’s stout cob, without bridle or saddle, cropping the rich grass in the lawn, a sign that the good priest meant to stay over night. In the parlour I found my father marshalling a row of bottles on the sideboard, and, as he said, “makin’ ready for the engagement with his riverince.” On these festive occasion we faced each other at the table, a substantial joint placed before my father, and before me a wooden bowl of potatoes, renewed at intervals by Bridget, who ran constantly between the kitchen and parlour, with a smoking-hot fresh supply. A glorious turf fire blazed on the hearth—for there was no stove, or any other modern invention for sending the heat up the chimney ; the turf was placed on the floor of the grate, which was constructed, at the sides only, of thin bars of iron welded into two small cannon-balls, or shells, that my father had picked up at Cork, and which were supposed to have been washed ashore from some of the French ships wrecked in Bantry Bay ; the jambs were built at an angle of forty-five—or “ slantindicular,” as the family stonemason called it—and the whole of the heat radiated through the room. My father had bought

at a stall on the Quays in Dublin a book written by Count Rumford on radiation of heat and construction of fireplaces; the cellar adjoined the parlour; and he, acting on Rumford's suggestion, had inserted a common boiling-pot, with the concavity next the fire, into the intervening wall; when the fire was replenished, a few turf were thrown into the pot, and these, when lighted, warmed it and kept the cellar at a moderate temperature in winter. The neighbours, who had never heard of Rumford, or his book, said "Shure Mr. Callighin's a born engineer; see how he warms the cellar, widout a farden o' extraw cost!"

I do not deem it necessary to apologize for this digression, --I wish to put on record the best mode of constructing a grate for burning turf; and have I not the authority of Cervantes, Fielding, Sterne, and other great writers, for digressing? It is merely going into the next field to shoot a stray bird.

Dinner was soon on the table, the goose roasted as only Bridget could roast a goose—large, plump, crinolined, fizzing all over the brown crackling,—rich and unctuous as a sucking pig—shining as Father McQuade's face shone when he looked at the smoking board. A blessing was asked, and in a short space of time the goose disappeared, and the heaps of potatoe skins piled alongside our plates testified to the execution done upon the several bowls supplied by Bridget. Dinner ended, the priest said a long thanksgiving in Latin, Bridget crossed herself devoutly with one hand outside the open door, while she held the boiling kettle with the other.

"Now," said my father, "we'll sit roun'."

The dining-table was pushed aside, a small circular one placed opposite the fire, the "Bishop," a large square bottle

filled with “Kinahans,” and flanked with all other “materials” for brewing punch, was set down in the centre, the kettle placed at hand in the fireplace, and we settled ourselves to the real work of the evening.

When the tumblers were filled, Father McQuade said,—

“Mr. Callighin, we are mit together maybe for the last toime, uz three ; you an’ I’s no chickens, an’ we may be called to ghlory afore Mick’s here agin—so we’ll dhrink his health an’ succiss, hopin’ he’ll come back wid a rich woife, or a big pot o’ money, an’ pay the dibts, an’ rinnovate the ould castle, an’ put up a new althar in the chapple, wid ‘Michaelis Callighin aed. D. G.’ at fut : here’s t’ye, Mick, me boy !”

“Here’s t’ye, Mick !” said my father, and he pressed my hand ; “ye’v’ been a good son to me, an’ the place ’ll miss ye, not to spake o’ meself ; but shure iv the Dhuke o’ Wilhinton hadn’t left Dangan Castle before he grew too ould, he niver would have been the man he wor—an’ that you’ll be, Mick avick, av you’re a Callighin born, and wasn’t changed at nurse.” We clinked our tumblers, and drank them off in silence, for though they were soon empty our hearts were full.

“Fill the glasses, Mick,” said my father : “sorrow’s dhry.”

“Mr. Callighin,” Said Father McQuade, “yer boy’s a foine lad, an’ a good scollar,—me an’ Barney, or Barney an’ me’s done that ; an’ if he only remimbers that he’s heir to Castle Callighin, and fhwat’s left o’ the ould lan’s, an’ his dhuty to his familee, and his counthry, an makes his mark in London, an’ comes back in our toime, fait’h, we’ll put him in for the county—home rule, or no home rule.”

“That we will,” said my father ; “sartin’ shure ; the Call-

ighins wor mimbers for the county for a hundred years in the ould Oirish Parliment ; an' more by token, iv they fought wan, the fought tin jewels ; me gran'father wor the only mimber that cowed Bellamont : wan'st, in the street, he pulled his lordships wig off, handed it back to him on the top of his cane, an' wint home to git his tools ready ; but ould Bellamont had seen him snuff a candle at tin yards, at the Spakers levee, an' he sint him an apology in writin' that's up-stairs in me desk to this day. Mick, me boy, when you git to London, moind ye take some lissins in boxin' —for I'm tould that's the way gentlemen foights now.”

“ I’m a minister o’ pace,” said Father McQuade, “ but av ye have occasion to thrash any o’ them aidjucons that struts about Dublin Castle wid rid moostaches as long as a fox’s brush, ye’v’ me consint to giv thim the waight o’ a Callighin’s fist, and take the consate out o’ thim ; to see thim straddlin’ down Dame Street, wid their sabbertashes jumpin’ roun’ their calves, an’ their brass spurs jinglin’, an’ their swoords clatterin’ an the stones, houlding their noses to the sky, as iv the air o’ Ireland worn’t good enuff for thim,—it’s a cure for the cholic ; to be shure the smells in Doblin, are bad, but the natives are born wid noses to stan’ thim, an’ let thim that’s not keep out o’ that.”

“ I’ll do it,” said I, “ if I get a chance, never fear ; the honour of the Callighins is safe in my hands : and now promise me, both of you, that you will be good to Mary, for she’ll break her heart when she hears I am gone, though I never asked her yet.”

“ Mick,” said Father McQuade, “ it’s all for the best, me boy ; there’ll be a rookawn in the parish, for the boys ’ll miss ye as much as the colleens. Lave Mary to yer father an’ me ; the night’s gettin’ on, an’ its toime for a song.”

Although I saw through the kind priest's device to wean me from thoughts of Mary, and tried to sing, it wouldn't do ; as ill luck would have, it, I struck up the "Exile of Erin," but the words stuck in my throat, and I'm not ashamed to confess that I shed tears.

"Fill the glasses, Mr. Callighin," said the priest, "an' I'll sing you a song I've composed for the occasion, till the boy's at himself ; he'll come to the sooner."

When the glasses were replenished, clearing his throat after the manner of amateur singers, he sang, in a manly, rotund voice,—

I'm goin' across the ragin' say,
Tuxt Liverpool an' Doblin,
To London town to make me way
Be railroad, or a-hoblin.

Me brogues is new, me courage sthrong,
I fear no man or weadther,
I'll walk upright, an' step along
As I do an me native heather.

Av any Saxon calls me 'Pat,'
Or riddycules me nation,
B' me faith, he'll very soon leave that,
Wid his crown crackt past salvation.

An' iv the saints is koind to me,
Wid goold, an' ghlory, you'll see
I'll soon come back to the ould counthiee,
Like that haro, Garnet Wolsely."

My father and I thumped the table till the glasses were in danger of falling off ; more punch was brewed, and after a short pause, his reverence looked across and said,—

"That call's wid me ; Mr. Callighin, yer health an' song."

My father, with a somewhat rough exterior, was one of the softest-hearted men I ever knew ; he enjoyed but never could sing a humorous song ; his melodies were all of a sentimental type, and suited to a good tenor voice, still fresh, but rusted from disuse. Thus challenged, he threw himself back in his chair, opened his vest, as he said to "give the bellows fair play," turned his eyes to the ceiling, and sang the following song :—

YOUNG Kathleen, me true love, one eve at the gloamin',
Wid step light and graceful, came trippin along,
She sat on the grass, at the foot o' the loanin'
A-knitting a stockin', an' sang her sweet song.

Me love on the wild say a sailor-boy bould is,
The flag o' his countrhy a-houldin' aloft ;
The sun shines on me, but hc out in the cowld is,
Me love wid the blue eyes, an' ringlets so soft.

Och, Willie me darlint the Vargin protectin',
May the blissid Saint Pether guide yer boat to the shore,
An' whin ye come back to yer Kathleen expectin',
We'll sind for the praste, an' ye'll lave home no more."

Thin the sooner the betther," sez I, "dear " advancin'
From the upturned coble where hidin' I lay,
For I knew that at eve my Kathleen would be glancin',
An' tellin' her bades for her love o'er the say."

We duly honoured my father's song ; more punch was mixed—when Father McQuade, rising said,—

" Mr. Callighin, the boy's to be off early, an' the night's far through ; this is me last tumbler before goin' to bid ; an' we'd better say good-night an' farewell to Mick, an' let him get some slape before startin'. Come to me room, me boy, before ye retoire."

Having by this time, however, recovered my composure, I volunteered the following song, resolved not to let my father think that I was downhearted on leaving the paternal roof.

THE TENTH HAVE GOT THE ROUTE.

(BY G. G., OF THE GALLANT 48TH.)

Oh, the Tenth have got the route,
And you'll hear a fearful shout,
From the girls, now as they leave their native land ;
And the colonel he will say,
“ Boys, let's drive dull care away,
Play ‘the girl we left behind us,’ on the band.”

Cheer, then, the Tenth are marching,
Soon they will be upon the seas ;
And ten long years must pass
Ere again we drink a glass,
With the boys with whom we've spent such happy days.

Then Dyer gave the word,
And their music soon was heard,
And the girls let fall the tears, thick as rain ;
For many a heart was sad,
As they took leave of their lad,
Whose face his lass might never see again.

Cheer, then, etc.

Many eyes will fill with tears,
Though the air may ring with cheers,
And many a gallant trooper's heart is sore ;
But when duty calls away,
Why—a soldier must obey ;
So a long farewell to England's happy shore !

Cheer, then, etc.

Now gather, comrades, round,
And let the chorus sound,
Full flowing as the hearts to whom we drink ;
And may the gallant Tenth,
Ever show the foe their strength,
And from battle, love and liquor, never shrink.

Cheers, then, etc.

Loud applause followed. Father McQuade, rising, said, “Thim’s gran’ sintimints, Mick : here’s our last toast,—

From battle, love and liquor, nivir shrink’—Hip, hip, hurra !”

I then took leave of my father ; I put my arm round his neck, he put his round mine, and without a word spoken by either, I pressed a kiss upon his manly, wrinkled forehead ; when we parted in silence, the priest was gone. I ascended to my own attic, and after looking through my scanty wardrobe and selecting a few articles for my journey, I went downstairs to Father McQuade’s apartment ; here I found him already enveloped in a capacious night-robe, surmounted by a cap of the ancient extinguisher shape, tied round his head with a red cotton handkerchief of a wonderful pattern.

“ Father McQuade,” said I, trying hard to be cheerful, “you’re as clean in the legs a three-year-old ; if you were out of place you’d get service readily as a footman,—with the Queen, or the Lord Lieutenant.

“ Me legs ’ll last me toime, Mick,” said he, “but I axed ye up to talk about something else, an’ to give ye me advice an’ blissin’.”

He then sat down, and for half an hour poured forth his store of shrewd, wordly experience into my willing ear, for I loved the old man next to my father ; as he concluded I

shook his hand warmly, and when I withdrew it, found a crumpled piece of paper adhering to my palm,—“A small thrifle, Mick,” said he, “to help ye an the road ; an’ now kneel down, till I give ye me blissin’ ; I’m not in me canonicals, but all the picthers I’ve seen o’ the blissid Saint Pether reprisints him wid bare legs—seeing, I suppose, bein’ a fisherman, he had fraquantly to wade in the salt watther ; an’ as for driss, I niver seen more an him nor I’ve an meself this blissid minnit ; it’s nat the vistmints makes the praste, Mick,—nor the gentleman ayther, as maybe ye’ll foind to yer cost.”

He then gave me his blessing as my ghostly director, with a solemnity of manner and countenance I did not forget for many a long day. I went to my room, threw myself on the bed, and exhausted by the fatigue I had encountered during an anxious and depressing day, fell sound asleep.

CHAPTER III.

“WHEN SORROW IS ASLEEP, WAKE IT NOT.”

“Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
The river glideth at his own sweet will ;
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep,
And all that mighty heart is lying still !”

A GLEAM of daylight breaking awoke me from a fitful sleep, to realize the fact that this was my last morning in the home of my ancestors. I arose, said a short prayer, in which I invoked the blessing of heaven on the kind father and warm-hearted friends I was leaving ; another, too, was not forgotten in this my parting supplication.

Dressing myself quickly, I went cautiously down the stairs—for Bridget’s ears were sharp—and opening the hall-door, which I gently closed behind me, sat down on the steps with my bag in one hand and a stout blackthorn in the other ; with these, the clothes on my back, and twenty pounds in my pocket, I was about to go into the world to seek my fortune.

It was early in May ; the sun, full-orbed and of a rich golden hue, was just rising over the tops of the Galtees ; a broad strip of crimson-tinted light, extending westward to the very spot on which I stood, reflected itself in the lake, and lighted up the front of the old mansion ; with the sanguine feelings of youth I interpreted this as an omen of a brilliant future for me ; on either side of this luminous

track was, as yet, deep gloom ; I shut my eyes for a moment, and the silent calm seemed to resemble the stillness of death : not a leaf stirred—I could hear my heart beat—and yet there was an almost imperceptible motion of the air, as it were the breathings of nature reposing, like the soft, sighing respiration of a deep slumberer at the first moment of awaking. The sun rose slowly over the top of the mountain, and when its orb was fully visible, like magic all nature seemed alive : the water-fowl flew screaming and splashing over the surface of the lake ; the small birds twittered in the copse ; the thrushes mounted to the topmost twigs of the hedges, and poured forth their morning song. I felt like one enchanted. I had often gazed on this scene at the same hour, but had never before realized its surpassing beauty. Suddenly something cold touched my hand ; it was the nose of my father's old spaniel, "Orra," who had crept unheeded to my feet ; I patted her head, and silently returning the glance of her inquiring and reproachful eye, she gave a low whine and trotted away to her kennel, while I, striding down the steps, went at a rapid pace down the avenue of ancient beeches to the high road, along which I walked at such a speed that, although six miles distant, I arrived in little more than an hour at the railway station of Ballyporeen.

I had not many minutes to spare ; the early train to Dublin was approaching as I stepped upon the platform. Mindful of the necessity for economy, I took a third-class ticket, returned to porter's salutation of "The top of the mornin' t'ye, Masther Mick !" with a "Thank ye kindly, Pat !" and entering the carriage, sat down in a corner seat : extended on the opposite side was my only fellow-traveller, sound asleep. As the train moved on, and darted through

cuttings and over viaducts, rapidly passing many “flows” and streams where I had often bagged my twenty brace of snipe, or filled my basket with speckled trout, my thoughts again reverted to my home. When we had travelled some twenty miles, new scenes opened on my view, and I was just beginning to think where I should go on my arrival in Dublin, when my companion arose, rubbed his eyes, took out a small horse comb, and passing it rapidly through a mass of short ragged hair, restored it to his pocket, and concluded his toilet with the exclamation, “There now, that’ll deu!” Looking at me, he said,—

“A fine mairnin’, sir, an’ I’m thinkin’ we’ll have a het day.”

“To this I assented, and the colloquy, thus commenced, continued through the whole of our journey.

The volubility of my companion exceeded anything of the kind I had ever met; the rapidity of his utterance resembled one of the “buffo” songs of my friend Corney Grane, whose performances I have since heard and enjoyed at that delightful *reunion*—the Bohemians; his words rattled out like the fire of skirmishers at a volunteer review; and his accent was such as I had never before heard: to catch his meaning, I had to listen as intently as an Englishman attempting to carry on a conversation with a Parisian.

“Ye’ll be gangin’ to Dublin, nae doot; I’m frae the Noarth, frae Killinchy in the coonty o’ Doon, an’ I’m wan o’ thae lint* instructors that’s sent doun’ frae Belfast to lairn the folk in the wast to grow lint; I hae ma doots aboot it; they’re na ower willin’ to lairn, an’, eh mon, but they’re a laggin’ croo—twa or mair sant’s days, they ca’ them, in ane week, an’ standin’ scrattin’ their haffits agin’ the waa’s; an’ the weenens kneelin’ for hoors ootside o’ thae mass hooses,

*Flax.

tellin' their bit beadies. I cam' doon in the spring an' lairned yin or twa o' the daft boddies to pit in the lint, an' tellit them I'd come back at hair'st,* ta lairn them hoo to poo an' watter it, but I was a wee bit late o' comin', an' fat div ye think, but the puir deevils had pittin mawsters intil the lint, an' cuttit it a' wid ta sceethe, instead o' pooin' it, an' steepit it in the spring waals instead o' pittin' it intil the holes that I tell't them to howk ! They diggit ta holes, but they forgat to dom oop the watter wi' sods in the airy summer, an' whan the lint was ready for pooin' an' steepin', deil a drap o' watter there was but in the spring waals, an' they hae pyshined a' the waals in the pairish wi' the lint, an' the polis winna let them pit it intil the rinnin' burns, an' they hae droppit their siller this turn, I misdoot—ha, ha, ha !” And here he laughed for several minutes, ejaculating, “ Mon o' mon, boys o' boys ! siccan a thrawn, pernickety set o' deevils was never sent upon airth as is doun wast. Eh, sirs, gin ye could see the Belgins ! I gae to buy lint in Belghum ilka faa', and deil word o' Frinch dae I ken.”

“ And how,” said I, “ do you find your way there, Mr. _____ ?”

“ Cawmil they ca' me in Coonty Doon ; we're a' Scoatch in thae pairts—weel, I git me bit portmantle labbled for the place I'm gangin' till, an' I speer aboot whan we git to the Joonctions, an' watch whar' they pit it, an' I folly it till the and o' the joorney, an' I niver gae wrang.”

We had now nearly reached Dublin, and my inner man reminding me that I had eaten nothing since the last evening, I asked Mr. Campbell if he could direct me to any decent hotel.

“ Ye want a hottle, div ye ? Come with me to Maggie Blain's in Noarth Street ; Maggie an' I's sib†—her gran-

* Harvest † Kin.

mither an’ mine was far awa coosins, an’ ye ken a’ the Cawmills claims kin wi’ the Deuk o’ Argyle, God bless him !”

We alighted on the platform, and fought our way through a crowd of vociferating carrymen, one of whom seized Mr. Campbell’s portmanteau and was carrying it off in triumph, when he was stopped by a “ Give me yon, ma mon, or I’ll wairm yer lugs.” As we walked down the wide roadway, my friend said, “ I haena speered yer name, Mr.——”

“ My name is Callighin,” I replied ; I am one of the——”

“ Stap, stap,” said he ; “ ye’ll be the son o’ some great loard doun wast—I care naethin’ aboot that ; a’m nae respecto. o’ pairsons. A’m a covenanter, an’ aye adjure wi’ uplifted haun’ ; there’s but ane Loard, an’ doesna He say, ‘ Sweer not ava’? Yer a good chiel by yer sonsy face, an’ I doesna care wha’s yer faither or mither.

The rank is but the guinea’s stamp,
The man’s the gowd for a’ that.”

“ You say there’s but one Lord, Mr. Campbell,” said I ; “ but what about the Duke of Argyle ?”

“ Hoot, mon,” said he, “ he’s nae loard—he’s a Deuk, an a’ muckle big ane : isn’t his big son, him we ca’ Lorne, marrit on the queen’s dochter ?”

“ That,” I replied, “ is a great honour to the family, Mr. Campbell, and to all Scotchmen.”

“ Nae doot it’s an honour, as ye ca’ it, but there’s nae lassie too guid for Maccallum-More’s bairn. An’ noo, Mr. Calgin, I maun say I hae taken a likin’ till ye : yer na

prood ; an' tho' a'm vera sure ye hae a drap o' guid bluid,
ye carry yer ain wee portmantle, like mysel' ; whar's the
guid o' gien thae cair-dreevers saxpence ?—yer ain siller's
better in yer ain poke : but, lad, I dinna kin hoo yeu feel,
but ma wame's as boost as a toom* butter firkin. How's a'
wi' ye, Maggie ?"

*Empty.

CHAPTER IV.

“A FRIEN’ S NE’ER KENT TILL HE’ S NEEDED.”

HOW’S a’ wi’ yoursel’, Airchie?” said a tall buxom woman of matronly appearance ; “wha’s the chiel yev brung wi’ ye? Come forard an dra’ oop till the hairth, an’ wairm yer bit taes, for the mairnin’s frast like, and the tran’s aye an’ the fits.”

“Yer richt, Maggie, we’ll deu yer biddin’,” said Mr. Campbell ; “but me an’ the laddie’s stairvin’ : hae ye ony vivers in yon pat?”

“Trots an’ I have,” she replied—“as guid parritch as iver was set down forent a hoongry mon” ; and taking a large dish, she poured into it, till it brimmed over, a mass of hot, steaming stirabout. “Here noo!” she said, carrying it into a small apartment off the kitchen, and placing it on a table, with two wooden bickers of milk, “come ben, an’ sit doon, an’ faa’ till’t, and the diel take the hinmost!”

Mr. Campbell then invoked a blessing on the meal. “Nae minister to the fore—the Loard be praised!” Making a mark across the middle of the dish, he said, “Noo, lad, yon’s the meering’ ; this side o’ the dyke’s mine, tither’s yours : clear the coarse, an’ gin there’s not aneuch for baith, aiblins there’s mare in the pat.”

Suiting the action to the word, he dived into the dish with a wooden spoon, and I was not slow to follow his ex-

ample. The porridge quickly disappeared, and at last the mearing itself went the way of the rest, our good hostess looking on in silence. At length she said,—

“ Hech, sirs, yer peghin* wi’ the speed ; it’s ill to camp† like yon whan yer atin’ ; bide a wee,—the parritch’s aye het yet,—and take a half-yin apeece.” She then poured out the remaining contents of the pot, and reaching to a shelf and handing down a bottle and two glasses, she filled them to the brim, and said, “ It’s as guid ‘ Coomber’ as iver I had in ma hoose ; soop it up—it will wairm yer wames ; an’ it o’made o’ bairly that grewed in Killinchy.”

“ Here’s till ye, Maggie,” said Mr. Campbell,—“ ye’ll ca the next wean after me ” ; and he winked at me.

“ Yer aye fu’ o’ yer fin, Airchie,” she replied, “ but a’m thinkin’ there’ll be nae mair.” This was the widow’s mode of refusing, as Mr. Campbell told me when she went out, his matrimonial advances.

“ It’s a fu’ hoose,” he said. “ It’s guid to be sib to siller, an’ she’ll hae a guid tocher ; but gin she wilna’ tak’ me, she’ll tak’ nane ither. I’ll jist keep ding-dingin’ at her till she gies in ; an’ I’ll promis’ her minister a guid soo-scriitten‡ till his new kirk whan it’s a’ rich, an’ he’ll wark like ta vera deevil to mak’ the maitch. Ech, sir, thaé ministers wad amaist sell there sauls for soo-scrittens ; I pit a fi’pun’ note intil the plate ane Sawbath in mistak’ for yin§ poond, an’ before I could snap it oop, the minister ha’en it grabbit, an’ intil his poke quick as thocht. I mind a mairchant that had got walthy doun Noarth, an’ he said till his minister wan day, ‘ Minister,’ quo’ he, ‘ I’m grateful to Providence for blessin’ ma industry, an’ a’m thinkin’ o’ gien ye a thousand poond

* Panting. † Steeple-chase. ‡ Subscription. § One.

till the biggin' o' yer new kirk ; div you think it'll be coonted a guid wark—pit to my credit like?' Quo' the minister, quo' he,—‘I couldna gang sae far as to say it'd ensure yer salvation, but t'ither haun', I'm far frae discooragin' ye frae tryin' the expeirment.' An' he baggit the siller,—ha, ha, ha !'

“Noo, Maggie,” said Mr. Campbell, as she re-entered the room, “gie's anither half-yin, for a'm gangin' by the twa p.m. ; ye ken I maun be warkin' ; an' Maggie, woman, ye'll think aboot what I war speerin' o' ye, an' nixt Aister——?”

“Hoot, mon, there's nae fule like an auld fule,” was Maggie's reply.

“I doot, Mr. Calgin,” said Mr. Campbell, “we'll hae to pairt : gin ye iver come noarth, to Doon or Antrim, speer for Airchie Cawmel o' Killinchy, an' ye dinna fin' me at hame—for a'm maistly nig-noying aboot after lint—I'll be sair vexit I missed ye, for yer a braw chiel, an' free o' yer crack, an' not stuck up we preed. The Loard be wi' ye ! Gie us a grap o' yer haun. ‘Fare ye well Killeavy's’ the word—a'm aff. Noo Maggie tak' guid care o' the chiel'.”

Thus consigned to Maggie's care, I drew my chair to the fire, lighted my dhudeen, and began to talk to her : she soon drew from me the main facts of my position, and the object of my journey and when I concluded, she said,—

“Mr. Calgin,—that's what Airchy caa'd ye, I think,—yer faither an' the priest's richt ; I see it a' : they saw it wadna dee for you an' the lassie, puir saul, to forgather—she's na as weel born, an yer the only bairn o' an ould hoose ; dinna gae back, but gang on, an' gin yer hairt's as guid as yer face is bonny, ye'll deu weel. Dinna stap at Dooblin ; ye'll dae na guid here : gang soo,—pack aff the nitch to Lunnon, an' mak yer fortin. Ye'd be welkim to stap

in this hoose till morn, but tak' my advice, dinna let the grass grow under yer twa fit ; tak yer bit portmantle, an' gae doon till the L'eerpool boat, an' as my guidman the Coptin wha's deed an' gane" (here she lifted the corner of her apron to her eyes) " used to threep, mak' tracks,' an' 'set the stout heart to the stey* brae.' "

" I feel your advice is well meant, Mrs. Blain," said I ; " please tell me what I owe you."

" The recknin', is't ?" said she, " an' yeu agoin' oot intil the warld—for Lunnin's the warld—an' aiblinsairy a freein' there ; yer haun'll never be oot o' yer poke there. Keep yer saxpences, me lad ; I niver chairedg'd Airchie, wha's reech, an' deil be in me gin I tak' a bawbee frae you ; yer cocht the wrang soo by the lug this time, young mon--be aff the noo, but mind ye'll drap in to see me in the hame-comin', an' bring a bonny bride wi ye, an' aiblins ye'll fan me Mrs. Cawmel by then, for I've made oop ma mind aboot that, tho' I wadna tell Airchie the day, seein' he wor a wee bit onmannerly before strangers."

Seeing it was no use to press payment upon my good hostess, I took her hand and emboldened by her motherly-kindness, kissed her brown cheek. " Why for no, mon, dinna ye prie ma moo ?" † said she : this invitation I would never have understood, had she not pursed her lips in anticipation of the not unwilling smack with which I saluted her. " Be aff the noo, or I'll be greetin'," said she, " an' God be wid the mitherless bairn !"

* Steep. † Kiss my lips.

CHAPTER V.

“ THE SWINISH MULTITUDE.”

TURNING to the right on leaving Mrs. Blain’s “hottle,” I found myself on the quay named after the great Ormond, and, observing in the distance the masts of several vessels I walked rapidly along the river-side, and, on passing the Custom-House, reached the steamboat quay ; inquiring of a burly coal-porter where the Liverpool boat lay, and at what hour she would sail, he replied, “ The Liverpool thamer is’t ?—there she’s ; bedad, ye’v’ jist toime to jumps aboard, me boy—the last bell’s rung ; stir yerself, quick.” Taking his advice, I ran rapidly forward, and arrived alongside just as the vessel moved slowly from the quay ; several men were hauling the gangway ashore, so, without checking my speed, I leapt clear over the low bulwark, portmanteau in hand, and alighted on deck alongside the astonished helmsman. This feat was nothing in my eyes, used as I was to crossing the country on foot after the hounds, but it drew loud applause from the spectators. “ Well lept !” “ Divvle a buck in the Phanix id do it” ; “ More power to yer elbow” ; “ Ye’v’ a clane pair o’ legs,” and other expressions of admiration reached my ears.

We steamed slowly down the river, and when we had passed the lighthouse, the captain descended from the bridge came aft, and accosted me thus : “ You came aboard my ship, young man, in a very unceremonious manner, but I

can't just consider you a stow-away ; pay your fare, and it's all right this time, but don't do it again." Explaining that I was a deck passenger, he told me to go for'ard, and pay when asked ; obeying his instructions, I found myself among a crowd of pigs, cattle, and fellow-passengers of every age and sex—from the infant in arms to the old crone of seventy ; and, amid the squalling of children, grunting of swine, and smell of oil, pitch, coarse tobacco, and herrings, I lighted my pipe and walked about conversing with the cattle and pig drovers who formed the majority of the passengers ; although they came from all parts of the country, I was glad not to recognise any natives of my own locality. Nothing worthy of comment occurred during the early part of the voyage, and after some hours' steaming, I lay down in a vacant corner of the deck, put my portmanteau under my head, and had a few hours' sleep—occasionally disturbed by a fierce fight among the pigs, and the shouting and oaths of their owners, engaged in quelling the porcine "rookawn."

A pig fight on board ship has always amused me very much : stand on the bridge, and look down into the crowded pen of grunters—anon some portly hog, shunting his lighter kinsman as a porpoise moves among a shoal of mackerel, finds a soft place or a warm corner, and lies down to enjoy a siesta ; scarcely has he disposed his person comfortably, when his envious neighbours commence thrusting their snouts under him, and, squealing with rage, nip viciously at his quarters, leaving long red scratches on his skin and eliciting sundry dissatisfied grunts and uneasy lurches, resembling the rolling about of a fat commercial traveller on a saloon sofa, on a hot night. After a time the skirmishers, finding the alderman of their tribe will not surrender his comfortable berth, apply themselves to his ears, which they

bite and worry until, with a ferocious compound of grunts and squeals, he sits up, surveys his tormentors with a scintillating eye, then, rising, opens his jaws wide, and, with a loud snort, charges at the retreating foe, and unable to recover himself, slides along the slippery deck, knocking down half the inmates of the pen, disturbing the rest, and causing a general assult upon each other that does not subside for several minutes ; then all is quiet, and after an interval, the whole comedy is re-enacted.

Wearied with fatigue, I at length fell sound asleep, and was awoke by the crowing of a cock in an adjacent hamper, and by a general movement among the passengers, all of whom had, like myself, stowed themselves away wherever they could find room on the deck ; some had reclined against the bulwarks, and the latter was my position ; on awaking, I attempted to rise, but found myself held down by some attractive power I could not see. After several efforts, I appealed to my neighbour. “Faix,” said he, “yer stuck to the boords,” and roared with laughter,—which soon drew a crowd about me. “It happened to meself wan’st,” he said ; “there’s but wan way o’ freein’ ye : stap where ye are—divvle a doubt but ye’ll stap—till I get the tool ready” ; he then ran across to the cook’s galley, and in a few minutes emerged with a nearly red-hot shovel. “Now boys” he cried, “take him by the feet an’ the shouthers, an’ howld him up till I git the shovel anunder him” ; obeying his instructions, some of the ship’s hands seized and lifted me up, while he inserted the shovel between my person and the deck ; the operation occupied several minutes, and was accompanied by the witticisms of the passengers,—“Bedad ! he’s afire now,” “Roast pork’ll be chape,” and other amusing observations. When, suddenly, I felt myself free, and stood

up, the good-natured spectators gave a cheer, and I invited my rescuers to a quarter of the ship where they informed me “There’s a bottle, bedad !” and treated them all round to some of the vilest rum I ever had the bad fortune to meet.

Inquiring of my friend of the shovel how he escaped a similar fate, “Faix,” said he, “it’s siveral years since it happined to mesilf, an’ I wasn’t to be done agin, an’ as I crass fraquintly, I jist fitch a gridiron wid me to pit anunder me whin I’m slapin’, an’ that’s how I escapes. But we’re jist alongside : I’m goin’ to Manchester wid thim pigs ; lin’ a han’ to git thim ashore ; wan good turn desarves another, ye know ; I’ll pin* them in wan o’ the pins an the Kay, an’ ye’ll come wid me close by, an’ have some refreshmint.”

A Callighin driving pigs ! But I reflected that when I left home I had vowed to put my pride in my pocket ; and Larry Toole, as he told me was his “pathronimic,” had done me good service : we got the pigs ashore, and, enclosing them in a “pin” bargained with a juvenile Celt to watch them, for a fee “iv a thruppinny and a-half-glass,” and adjourned to an “atin'-house” near the Quay. Having ordered refreshment, I looked round the room we occupied, in which were two windows, but only one whole pane of glass, and observed, “A glazier would have a good job here, Mr. Toole.”

“Yis,” he replied, “but, ‘*Hattibus et raggis hic mos est stoppare fenestras.*’ It shuits Philemy’s pockit best as it is,—he’s the lan’lord an’ a frind o’ moine ; and there’s another rason,—here he winked at me,—“the polis can’t see in whin they’re cra’lin’ about, an’ that gives toime to lift the jugs an’ glasses, while they’re battherin’ at the dhure.”

I took up a dirty newspaper that was lying on a table, and

*Pen.

observed that the interesting portions were well marked with mustard.

“ Musthard,” said Larry, “ fegs ! that minds me of Micky Murphy an’ Dan Collins, two frin’s ov moine, that come over to England for the rapin’ ov the harvist, and was walkin’ on the quays on this town ; and moind ye, now Danny had been over before, but Micky had never been out o’ the car radjus ov the town ov Tipperary : they wor that hungry after the voyige, they didn’t know what to do at all, at all. Whin Danny sees ‘ ristorant’ wrut up over a shop, “ See, now sez he, “ that’s a place to ate,’ an’ in they both goes ; and thin, sur, they sees the waither wid towel over his arm, an’ sez Danny, sez he, “ What can we get to ate ? ” ‘ Anything at all,’ sez the waither. ‘ Thin bring a plate o’ mate’ sez Danny. So in comes the waither wid a a plate o’ mate an’ a large bowl o’ musthard ; and moind ye, now, nather Micky nor Danny had iver seen musthard before in all their born days. ‘ What’s to pay for the mate ? ’ sez Danny. ‘ A shillin,’ sur,’ sez the waither. ‘ An’ what’s that ? ’ sez he, pointin’ to the bowl. That’s musthard,’ sez the waither. ‘ An’ what do ye do wid it ? ’ ‘ Yez ates it wid the mate, to be shure,’ sez he. “ An’ what’s to pay for it ? ” ‘ Nothin’ sur,’ sez the waither ; thin Danny looks at Micky, an’ Micky looks at Danny, an’ they both winks. Whin the waither turned his back, sez Danny, ‘ See here, now, Micky,’ sez he, ‘ I’ll tell ye what we’ll do,—we’ll pocket the mate for the journey, an’ ate the stuff they gives for nothin,’ ” and wid dat Micky rowls up the mate in his hankercher, an’ puts it in the crown of his hat ; an’ Danny he kep stirrin’ the musthard, an’ after a while he opens his mouth an’ takes a grate dollop ov it. Down goes his head, an’ the tears kep runnin’ down out of his oyes. ‘ Danny, lad,’ sez Micky, ‘ what dos be the matther wid ye ? ’

Danny wouldn't let on at all, at all,—‘but,’ sez he, ‘whiniver I think o’ the death ov me poor great grandfather that wor kilt at the battle ov the Boyne, I can’t keep from cryin’ at all.’ ‘Don’t take on wid ye like that,’ sez Micky; ‘here, now, we’re over in England, an’ we’ll make a power o’ money at the rapin’ before harvist’s over.’ All this toime Danny he was stirrin’ the mustard, an’ he hands the spoon to Micky. He takes a big spoonful too, an’ the tears came runnin’ down his nose. Danny wakes up, an’ sez he, ‘Micky,’ sez he, ‘what dos be the matther wid ye?’ ‘Fegs!’ sez Micky, ‘I’m crying because ye wasn’t kilt along wid yer great-grandfather at the battle ov the Boyne?’ Ha! ha! ha! begorra, he gave him a rowlint for his iliphint that toime?’

While we ate our breakfast, I asked Larry some questions about his trade of pig-drover.

“I heard you, last night, swearing at your pigs, Mr. Toole,” said I: “what is the use of that?”

“It’s no use,” said he, “but it’s a relafe to me moind,—it’s just perfissional cursin’, an’ not blasphamin’; I wouldn’t swear at humans that-a-way, at all, at all.”

“Do you give your pigs nothing to eat?” said I: “the poor animals seemed to me to be squealing for food when we left them.”

“They may squale, thin,” he replied; “divvle a bite or sup they’ll resave; they’ll be did afore noight, the craters, an’ shure, what’s the use o’ wastin’ good mate on dyin’ min; they’ll doi fastin’, plaze God.”

“Mr. Toole,” said I, “I see you are a scholar: where did you learn Latin?”

“I was born an’ rared,” said he, “on Square Callighin’s istate, nigh Ballyporeen—ye’ll maybe have hard till o’ him? —an’ attindid college to wan Barney Buckawn, a Kirry

scholar, the bist in Oireland, I'm tould ; an' I larned Latin from him till I lift, an' it's nigh twenty years now since that. I wonder if Barney's to the fore yit?"

My hair stood on end during this speech ; I was on the point of being identified by one whom Barney had often lamented as one of his "bist scollars." I did not however, lose my presence of mind, but rising, said, 'Thank you Mr. Toole, for your help and your company ; I must be going to catch the train to London. Good-bye, and good luck !'

"The same till you, me boy ;" said he ; "an' moind, whin you go dick passenger, always carry a gridiron wid ye, for it'll save yer duds morthially—ha, ha, ha !"

CHAPTER VI.

“MY POVERTY, BUT NOT MY WILL CONSENTS.”

“CLAY AND CLAY DIFFER IN DIGNITY.”

I TOOK my ticket for London, and entered a third-class compartment in which one seat was vacant next the door ; I had reason to bless my star on its acquisition, for we had not long started on our journey till the closeness of an atmosphere impregnated with the smoke of many pipes, the smell of oranges, cold brandy-punch, peppermint, and such-like restoratives patronized by travellers of the lower class, affected me with a nausea I had difficulty in overcoming. How much more agreeable to fellow-travellers the sandwiches, champagne, and aromatic salts of the occupants of cushioned carriages in the middle of the train ! We, as made of inferior clay, were placed next the engine, to act as buffers in case of a collision (which, happily, so rarely occurs on English railways) for the protection of the more delicate human procelain, and more valuable vehicles behind us ; this arrangement of carriages in a train I was not then aware of, but have since observed to be universal, and as there is a reason for everything, I found out that the trains were so “marshalled” with that object in view.

The place of the poor and humble in this world is not what we are led to hope it will be in the next ; I, a Roman Catholic, and a believer in purgatory, hold the opinion that governesses, tutors, and all dependents of that kind, should

plead that—from the humiliations, strain upon the heartstings, and misery they had undergone upon earth—a portion of their time had been already served, and that part of their sentence should be remitted ; this, in my opinion, would be but just.

I was forced to sit, during the whole journey, with my head half out of the window, in a cramped and painful position for one of my stature ; we bumped along at a slow rate the whole day, shunting frequently to allow the express trains to pass, and late in the evening arrived in London, stiff, weary, and hungry. Taking my valise, as the porter called it, in my hand, I inquired my way to the “Seven Dials”—for to a friend in that quarter Barney had given me a letter addressed, “To one Shusy McCabe, that does washin’ an’ manglin’, Sivin diols, lunnin, be Masther Mick’s han’.”

The day being Saturday, all the streets in Soho were crowded with men and women, most of the former in their shirt-sleeves, and with bare arms, marketing at the various shops and stalls which were set out in the street, and precluded the passage of vehicles ; the language spoken was chiefly Irish, and if I had shut my eyes, I might have imagined myself in the fair of Ballyporeen. A fight was going on between two young navvies about a “colleen,” and the young “girrel” who was the Helen of the combat ran round her contending swains, throwing her arms in the air, tearing her hair, and filling the air with her screams ; the spectators looked on impartially, commenting as follows on the fight :—“Fait’h ! the rid wun got it there,” “Begorra ! the blackavice guv it to him that toime.” At length one of the men got the other down—when the fallen hero, finding himself in danger of being worsted, seized his

opponent's wrist, got his thumb into his mouth, and bit it severely, the latter bellowing lustily, while the crowd cried, "Shame, shame!" "Och, the baste, he's bruk lint;" "He's a kannibol." Here a cry of "Polis" was raised, and the combatants, arising, ran off down an archway; the spectators resumed marketing, and when A 71 appeared, with stately step, upon the scene of the late tournament, a more orderly crowd could not be seen in London.

I was astonished to observe the same squalor and misery—the half-clad children making mud pies in the street—and the same invariable characteristics of a Celtic crowd as I had often seen in Ireland. A ballad singer of the true "Dublin Jackeen" type, habited in a ragged red jacket and military cap, with ballads printed on long strips of the cheapest paper hanging over his arm, bawled them out in the peculiar cadences familiar to those who frequent Irish fairs and markets, selling them to his admiring audience at "a penny a yard." The singer, I afterwards learnt from himself, was a "runner" with the Meath and Kildare hounds, and every year migrated to England for the summer, returning to Dublin for the hunting season. The ballads were principally of his own composition: I invested six-pence in these poetical effusions, from which I select two as specimens of Irish lyrical poesy; rough woodcuts of "Sodjer Danny," and of the master of the "Blazers," were prefixed; the latter he described as a "gran' song intirely, wrut be one Mr. Mahon of Balynamuck Castle, the greatest pote in Oireland."

SODJER DANNY.

me fadther wos a quaker,
but an honest man,
me modther wos a catholic,
an' i'm a protestan'.

wid me philikaneukanari,
philikaneukanay,
philikaneukanari,
girls what ails yer oi.

a sodjers coat—likewise a cap
i wears, an' red-striped breeches,
for braces I don't care a rap,
me weestban' up i hitches.
wid me, etc.

wid stages an' foxes, an' wid hares,
i run as fast as any,
the mathes, the garrison, an' the kildares.
they knows poor sodjer danny.
wid me, etc.

down grafton street i takes me way
ache day at foive o'clock,
to see the quality so gay,
tho' I've nayther shoe nor sock.
wid me, etc.

to the luvly crathers sittin' there,
a word 'tis hard to pop,
for futmin houlds the carridge dhoors,
while mammy's in the shop.
wid me, etc.

but when i gets from thim the wink,
to the t'other side i goes,
they tips me half-a-crown to dhrink,
an' hands the billydoos.
wid me, etc.

up to the castle straight i run
 (the trade i've got so apt in),
 an' gits another—isn't it fun ?—
 from the noble sodjer captain.

wid me, etc.

in murryan square, or an the stran',
 at bray or at dunleary,
 the royal military ban'
 plays up so loud an' cheery.

wid me, etc.

an' all the ladies—bless their hearts !—
 wid oyes an' smoiles that charm ye,
 shoots right an' lift boulds cupid's darts
 at the haroës ov the army.

wid me, etc.

this song i've wrote, for i'm a pote,
 diggin' in homer's gardin',
 i brung it here in the holyhid bote,
 an' i sells it at a fardin'.

wid me, etc.

THE “BLAZERS.”

I read in the papers
 Of runs that, be japers,
 Just Sound to me here in a small way ;
 If yez want real sport,
 Faith, ye'd better resort
 To neglected but grand-goin' Galway.

Yer horse must have mettle,
Wid hounds in such settle,
And walls that are terrible tazers ;
His condition the best,
For he's sure to be prest,
If yez mean to ride in wid the Blazers.

If you go there a stranger,
Bedad there's no danger,
They'll trate ye to all o' the best, boys ;
For lord, lout, an' squire
Good ridin' admire,
All sportsmen they welkim wid zest, boys.

By the side of that gorse,
On his stuffy blood horse,
Sits the master whose hounds none surpass ;
And the man that would bate him
Might as well try to ate him,
He'll soon make acquaintance wid grass.

And now for his hounds,
To his fame it redounds
That he owns the best pack in the world ;
O'er the fields in a cluster
They run such a “buster,”
Like leaves by a hurricane whirled.

Such loins and such shoulders
Skim walls built o' Bouldhers,
Tho' Rinard may make bould resistance ;
They've dash, blood, an' strength,
Limbs, nose, an' length,
So care not for pace or for distance.

No noise or disorder,
The field in good order,
All coming for sport, not for “gaggin’ ;”
Yez must be pretty smart
And try for a start,
For here there is really no “laggin’.”

Of fair ladies I sing,
 Who, like birds on the wing,
 Lead the first flight through the gallop ;
 Yet sit graceful, an' go
 When they hear "Tallyho,"
 But the devil a man they can't "wallop."

Thin "Harrah for the Blazers,"
 An' "the ladies that plaze us,"
 May Burton hunt fifty years more,
 For thro' luck an' disaster
 As Huntsman an' Master,
 He's hunted the county a score."

Turning to a stout woman who was bargaining for shrimps, I said,—

"Can you direct me to where one Mrs. McCabe lives hereabouts?"

"Trots an' I can," she replied ; "she's a neighbour o' moine, in the same house ; she do's the washin', an' I do's the manglin'. Come wid me, an' ye'll be wit' her in a minnit o' toime."

Turning a corner we entered a house in Castle Street, and on ascending a narrow stair to the third floor, my companion pushed open a door, and entering before me said,—

"Shusy, here's wan wants to see ye."

A short and very fat woman rose from a chair near the fire, and took from my hand Barney's letter, which was closed with a red wafer, indented with what appeared to be the impression of a nutmeg grater, thimble, or some similar substitute for a seal.

"I'm bad at the writin', an' wus at the radin'," said she.
 "Ye'll plaze rade it to me yerself."

It contained the following lines :—

“THE COLLIGE,” May, 187—.

“ Shusy, it’s the young masther ’ll han’ ye this ; ye wor fosther to the modther o’ him—rist her soul in ghlorie !— an’ ye’ll know fwat to do. He’s not to want for mate, firin’, nor login’, av this foinds ye to the fore ; an’ so no more, but sign meself, yer fri’n’ an’ cuzzin, B. Buckawn, Philomadth. P.S.—Ould Brine doid last Chrishamas ni ninetee, an’ lived an’ doid a boy. The wak’ wor gran’— tin gallon o’ whishky an’ a stone o’ tabaccy, forby tay an’ shuggar galore, it wor dun most rispitable, an’ eriditable to the familee, but it’s pit them in dibt, the crathers.”

When I looked up Mrs. McCabe was sitting with her fingers interlaced upon her ample bosom, the tears rolling down her cheeks, and speechless. She looked at me in silence for some minutes, muttering to herself in Irish ; at length she rose, threw her arms round my neck, nearly pulling me down on the floor in her excitement.

“ Och, me jewel, yer the livin’ imige o’ me did fosther. Och, Mick, avick, come to me harrit ; while I’ve bit or sup it’s you that’ll niver want ; an’ as for lodgin’, there’s the back attic, an’ I’ll clane it, an’ make ye asy at noit, an’ ye’ll nat go to a strangher, darlint ; och, och, ghlorie be to the Blissid Vargin that I’ve lived to set oyes an ye, an’ under me roof—for shure iv the house isn’t moine, I’m next the slathes anyhow. An’ now put doun yer baggige, an’ I’ll mak ye a cup o’ tay,—an’ Sally.”

Here her neighbour entered, and was instructed to “ rin oot an’ buy two herrin’s an a h’porth o’ milk.”

“ There’s no bid, darlint, in the attic,” she continued, “ but I’ll moind that the morrow ; meanwhile, ye’ll slape

there," pointing to a patchwork covered bed in the corner, "an' I'll pit up wid Sally below ; an' iv ye want anythin' in the noight, jist give three digs on the fhlure, and I'll be wid ye at wanst."

I ventured to remonstrate against this disturbance of her domestic arrangements, but it was of no use, "Ye'll jist stap here, an' nat go to a sstrange lodgin', an' awae fram her that pit ye into yer craadle, aften an' aften—hould yer whisht—here's Sally."

"Tay" being over, Mrs. McCabe, who I shall now call Shusy, removed the cloth, washed and placed the cups upon a shelf, looking at me furtively, and muttering to herself in her native tongue. I knew enough Irish to catch the purport of her soliloquy, which was as follows : "There's throuble an' him, the darlint, an' he's toired, an' I'll not ax him this noight ; I'll pit him to bid, an' he'll 'till his heart' to me in the mornin'."

"Now," said Shusy, "go to bid, Masther Mick, an' when yer there, just rap three toimes on the fhlure wid this poker, an' I'll come up an' fasten ye in, for there's niver a dhure an' the street dhure, an' some o' thim hairy snakes moight stale up."

I have since learned the necessity for these precautions against "area sneakes ;" at the moment, I wondered how such reptiles as snakes could exist in a crowded city. In a few minutes I was in bed, and, signalling as directed, Shusy came to the bedside, "tucked me in," and saying, "Now slape, avick ; shure I wor thinkin' ye was the babby I used to croon to rist," went out and locked the door on the outside.

CHAPTER VII.

“A’ FU’ HEARTS AYE KIND.”

AS I lay in bed, unable as yet to sleep, I reflected how thankful I ought to feel for the so far fortunate commencement of my enterprise, and to the humble but kind friends who had helped me forward on my way. The sun had shone upon my departing footsteps, and on my journey ; would it illuminate my return to the old mansion of my fathers ? I could see nothing to discourage the hope, and fell into a sound sleep, in which I saw in my dreams bright visions of joy and happiness at a future day. Aroused at an early hour by the clamour of many voices in the house and street, I arose, dressed, and signalled to Shusy, who shortly came upstairs, unlocked the door, and with a kind smile said, “Yer as frish as a dhaisy—go out an’ brathe the air for a while, an’ whin ye come back the tay ’ll be dhrawn.” I sallied forth, and having inspected the neighbouring streets and there busy denizens, on returning found a substantial breakfast on the table, to which I did ample justice. “Thim aggs,” said Shusy, “isn’t as frish as ye’ get them at the Castle, but they’re nat more thin a fortnight ould, an’ av ye dont smell them, ye ’ll soon nat moind the taste.”

“Shusy,” said I, “how dō all the people in the Seven Dials make a livelihood ?”

“They dont make a livelihud, avick,” said she, “but they

mak' a kin' o' starvelihud,—an that's betther nor nothin' at all, at all."

"Now, Shusy," said I, "we'll have some talk together. I've come to London on important business ; I'm not rich, but I'm not wanting for cash, and we'll settle now what I am to pay you for board and lodging while I stay, for I'm not going to 'cosher' * on you, and you'll just charge me what's right, so fix it yourself."

She resisted my proposal for a long time, and I only gained my point by saying that if she would not accept payment I must go elsewhere. This treaty being concluded, I told her generally the nature of my business in London, which she promised to consider a family secret. At the end of my first week I resolved to hold her to her bargain, which she was always hinting "distressed" her greatly. I asked for her bill. "Yer hidstrong, Mick," she replied, "an' I'll have to give in ; but moind, I'll pit yer money in a stockin', an' I'll not brake it till I sees wheather ye'll want it after a toime." I succeeded in getting the bill, which I have preserved as a specimen of Shusy's orthography and arithmetic :—

Masther Mick :—

To atin ye 7 days at a shillin'	o 7
Login 7 nites at six pins	o 6
Sope ache kake wan pini	3
Washin' 111 shurtsis 11d.	6
<hr/>		
Total iv the hole	oo110

My dress having had some damage on the journey, I resorted to the street adjoining, and supplied myself with a genteel suit at second hand, which my tailor assured me he

* Sponge.

had, only the previous day, bought from the “vally” of a great Irish lord, that held a grand place about court. I also bought at a cellar door a pair of “misfits,” which they certainly were for my feet. I had been told by a friend that the quickest and cheapest way of seeing London was to go to the starting station of the several omnibuses, and ride to the extreme end of their journey, securing the seat next the driver. I put this in practice, and can advise any person to whom time and money is an object to do the same. The drivers, several of whom were very humorous, and all of them civil, pointed out the various buildings, institutions, and great shops on their line, and a “pot o’ beer” at the end of the journey elicited warmly expressed hopes that I would take another ride and see the new “osses” as the “governor” had promised next month. In about a week I had made myself well acquainted with the geography of the vast metropolis, and began to turn my attention to the object of my journey.

About the middle of May I was crossing from Parliament Street towards the Houses of Parliament, when a sound familiar to me in former days—for the mail coach had passed Castle Callighin daily, before the railroad was opened to Ballyporeen—reached my ear ; the “too-tooing” of a horn. I looked towards the bridge, and saw a coach with four high-stepping horses—“tooled,” as I afterwards learned, by the Honourable Algeron Plantagenet — approaching at a rapid pace, and alongside, but a little in advance, a high waggon driven by a man who seemed to be exerting his whole strength in attempting to pull up two powerful horses, just breaking into a clumsy gallop. A collision was imminent, for the posts erected for the protection of foot passengers were right ahead, and there was not room for the passage

of both vehicles. The numerous policemen who protect that crossing, and hold up their warning hands on the approach of elderly members of Parliament, signalled the rival vehicles in vain ; down they came, heading for the narrow passage, when I ran forward, and, at the risk of my life, seized the bit of one of the waggon horses, and, by a sudden jerk upwards, nearly threw him on his haunches ; the waggon was brought to a halt, room made for the coach to pass, but both vehicles were detained by the police. The crowd cheered me, while the excited drivers each protested that he was not the offender ; the police produced note books, and proceeded to take down their names, when, suddenly I heard a voice from the waggon, “ Och, Masther Mick, is’t you ? och, for the marcy o’ God presarve me from thim polis ; it wor all thim blaggard horens,” and down he jumped and claimed my protection. “ I’m Thady O’Dowd, shure ye’ll moind me drivin’ pigs wid rid Shaun O’Coyle ; an’ whin did ye lave home, an’ how’s the ould masther and Bridget ? ”

I at once interfered on Thady’s behalf, and giving the address of his employer, he drove off shouting “ Callighin aboo.” During our interview an elderly, aristocratic looking man who sat beside the driver, descended from the coach, and stood beside me ; raising his hat, he said, “ You behaved admirably, young man, just now ; you probably, nay, certainly, saved both life and property. I caught just now a name familiar to me in former days ; allow me to ask are you connected with Mr. Callighin, of Castle Callighin, in Ireland ? ”

“ I am his son, sir,” I replied.

“ Then we are well met,” said he, “ and I have a long-wished-for opportunity, if you will allow me, of returning some of the hospitality he extended to me many years ago ; my name is Major Clifford,” and he handed me a card.

Here I felt a faintness come over me, and, for the first time, recollected that I had received a somewhat violent blow in the breast from the pole of the waggon, which, though not inflicting pain at the time, had evidently been more severe than I thought, my eyes swam, and I was about to fall upon the pavement, when Major Clifford threw his arm round me, hailed a cab, and conveyed me, in a half-conscious state, to his chambers, where, reclining on a sofa, I, with the aid of what he called “brandy pawnee,” soon recovered sufficiently to resume our conversation.

Major Clifford continued:—“I was about to tell you, when you were so suddenly affected, that I was quartered in Ireland, in the year 185—, and was sent on detachment to the county of ——. In the intervals of professional duty I hunted with the Ballyporeen harriers, a strong and well-kept pack, of which your father was master. When riding, one day, across a pasture field, with the hounds in full cry, my horse fell, I was thrown heavily, and sustained a bad fracture of my right leg, which confined me to the house for months. Under your fathers hospitable roof, where I remained till convalescent, I received a kind attention to which I, as a stranger, had no claim; but that, in my mind, enhanced the obligation. When I recovered and rejoined my regiment, it was ordered to India, where I have spent nearly the whole of the interal; and one of the first things I did on my return was to write to your father, again thanking him for the hospitality I have never forgotten, and never will forget; I did not receive any reply, and feared my good friend was no longer alive.”

“He was alive and well,” said I, “a month ago; but he is a bad correspondent, and has, I doubt not, postponed replying to your letter.”

“I am rejoiced to here of his good health,” replied Major Clifford, “and for answer to my letter, accept your presence as the most satisfactory I could have. And now, Mick, for I will not call you by a more formal name, how came you to be in London?”

I then told him, without reserve, but in confidence, my whole story, objects and prospects, in visiting London. He listened with the greatest attention, and when I had concluded, said,—

“Well, Mick, you are young, and have plenty of time before you; my advice is look about don’t be impatient, and you shall have every aid I can give you; you must accept a share of my chambers. I have been so long absent that many of my contemporaries are dead, others reside elsewhere, and my evenings are dull for want of a companion; besides, I will not be denied.”

Here was another warm friend turning up to help me on my way; truly, I thought, my dreams are coming true.

“Well, Major Clifford,” I replied, “I suppose I am not to have any voice in the matter.”

“None whatever,” said he; “and now you must not exert yourself yet. Your present residence is not fashionable; I’ll send my man for your traps, and he’ll tell your good friend Shusy that you have met with me; I recollect her well, and she will recognize my name. By-the-by, I want a laundress, and so we can keep up our acquaintance with her in that way.”

How kind, how thoughtful, are some men compared with others. Here was the whole thing planned in the most considerate way, and Shusy’s sensitive nature, as well as interests, met by an engagement which, as it fell within her professional avocations, and kept up her association with me, I knew she would be quite content to accept.

Although naturally reticent with strangers of my own position in society, I had no such feeling towards my new friend, and found myself already discussing, without reserve, all subjects of mutual interest. My traps arrived in the course of the evening ; we dined, my kind host saying, " You must be muzzled, Mick, to-night, as I see you have not yet got over the excitement of the afternoon ; now for cigars and coffee, and then to roost."

CHAPTER VIII.

“I AWOKE ONE MORNING, AND FOUND MYSELF FAMOUS.”

I SLEPT profoundly in my new quarters, and, thanks to the absence of noise, and the instructions given by my host that I should not be disturbed, I reposed till almost midday. Major Clifford then entered my room, holding a newspaper in his hand, and said, “By Jove, Mick you’ll get up to find yourself immortal.” He then read from a sporting newspaper as follows:—

“Gallant act of an Irish Gentleman.—Yesterday, about six p.m., as the —— coach, tooled by the Honourable Al gernon Plantagenet, approached Parliament Street from Westminster Bridge, a hugh waggon drawn by a pair of powerful horses, which were furiously flogged by the brutal and, we fear intoxicated driver, was driven almost across the leaders of the team. The ribbons were admirably handled by the accomplished Jehu of this bang-up equipage, but a serious collision and loss of life were apparently inevitable, when a young gentleman nobly dashed forward, and at the imminent risk of his life, with the most praiseworthy courage, seized the bridles of the now unmanageable brutes, and with a strength that astonished the spectators, threw them on their haunches, instantly checking their alarming course. The —— coach, after a short delay, proceeded to its destination, and the guilty waggoner will to-day, we are informed, be brought before the worthy divisional magistrate, who,

we have no doubt, will inflict upon him a punishment commensurate with his offence. We regret to learn that the courageous young gentleman received serious injury, and was conveyed in a cab to the chambers of his friend, Major Clifford, at the Albany, Piccadilly. On enquiring at the latest hour before going to press, we were informed that he lay in a perfectly unconscious state, and that the eminent physician who was called in, fearing that brain fever might supervene, had prescribed the utmost quiet. The young gentleman is, we learn, the eldest son of that well known sportsman and popular landlord Mr. Callighin, of Castle Callighin, Ireland. Her Gracious Majesty, His Royal Highness, and other members of the royal family have, we understand, been unremitting in their inquiries."

We roared with laughter, and I was just about to arise, when a noise like a fusillade was heard upon the outer door, and before we could ascertain the cause, Major Clifford's man entered and said,—

"One of Her Majesty's equerries, sir, has called again to enquire how Mr Callighin is to day."

"Give my respectful duty," said Major Clifford, "and say 'as well as can be expected.'"

"Mick, 'old man'" (this I found was the fashionable mode of addressing very youthful acquaintances), "I shall have to get a hall porter; the whole upper ten thousand will be down upon us."

And the Major was right; for a week it was knock, knock, all day, till at length we sent a bulletin to the "Court Journal" as follows:—

"We are happy to state that Mr. Callighin has quite recoverd from his injuries, and is now convalescent." This checked "kind inquiries," but cards of invitation for my host and myself poured in in dozens.

“By Jove, Major Clifford,” I said, “I quite forgot about poor Thady; I promised to attend the police court, and I have overslept the hour.”

“It’s all right,” said my kind friend; “I went down there and found half a dozen policemen swearing that he was the cause of the whole affair, and the beak was just about to sentence him to a week’s confinement, when I went forward and said, ‘I am Major Clifford; I occupied the seat next the gentleman who drove the coach; I saw the whole occurrence, and I know that the waggon was being quietly driven, when our guard blew his horn several times and frightened the horses, and, in my opinion, the prisoner not only does not deserve punishment, but on the contrary much credit for his exertions to pull them up.’ This changed the face of matters, and your friend was discharged, blessing his ‘honour’s rivirince,’ and pocketing the sovereign I gave him as a consolation for his fright.”

“Thank you,” said I, “you never did a kinder act; you have quite relieved my mind.”

I then got up, and after a late breakfast we lighted our cigars and further discussed my plans and prospects. I had almost forgotten to mention that the pictorial papers of the following week contained sketches of the “Alarming Coach Accident on Westminster Bridge,” with very flattering comments upon my gallantry; and an extract from the “Court Journal.” I was represented with extended arms, holding two struggling horses, one rearing, the other kicking, and an affrighted crowd flying in all directions. I purchased some copies, and sent them to Barney, and I afterwards heard that they circulated round the whole county, and caused a great sensation among my future constituents.

“Now, Mick,” said my friend, “let us have some conversation about your plans——”

At this moment the door opened and his servant announced—"Mr. Fane."

A fashionably attired gentleman entered, and moving rapidly towards me, held out his hand, which I did not take, and said,—

"How do, old man? hope you're all right again."

Without rising from my chair I said, "Thank you, Mr. Fane, I am 'very fit.'"

"Delighted to hear it," said he; "hope you will be careful not to exert yourself too soon." Then turning to my host he said, "How do, Clifford, old fellow?"

"Much as usual, thanks," said he; "have a weed?"

"Our young friend," said Mr. Fane, "has been the cause of much anxiety to us all, and I got so unhappy about him that I called to assure myself personally of his convalescence."

"It's all right now, Fane," said my friend.

"Charmed to hear it, I'm sure," replied he; "you'll look me up soon, old man, I hope; bye, bye," and he took his leave.

"What is Fane up to now?" said Major Clifford; "never saw him so gushing before; depend upon it there's something in the wind, or he would not put himself to the trouble of calling; what can it be?"

"I can't imagine," said I; "but I agree with you he must have an object."

I then told my friend that our visitor had a few years ago purchased a considerable estate near Castle Callighin, and was my constant companion when he visited it; in fact, as there was no residence on it, he frequently made my father's house his home for several weeks yearly, and on leaving always made me promise to visit him in London,

where “he hoped to return my father’s hospitality.” I described how great was my surprise, on meeting him in the street shortly after my arrival, to be greeted with a cold nod, and a mere word of recognition ; I added that I had since seen him avoid me by turning round a corner or entering a shop ; in fact, that I felt very much hurt by his strange conduct ; “and you must have observed,” I added, “that I received him very coldly.”

“Just like Fane,” said my friend ; “I suppose you know that in London he is considered to be very rich, and is one of the class called ‘eligible’ in contradistinction to younger sons, or ‘scorpions’ as they are called here. He is a great diner out, and the maternal solicitude of Belgravia never lets him out of sight. He never was known to ask a friend to dinner, and belongs to a club where it is against rules to invite a guest. ‘Great bore, you know, old man,—I’ve often brought it before the committee’ (which he never did) ; but he takes duced good care not to belong to any other club.”

“And this,” said I, “is the man I preserved the shooting for, and my father for years has kept the choicest wine in his cellar. I’ll be even with him yet”—and I was.

“By Jove, here it is, Mick,” said Major Clifford, who had been reading the morning paper ; “attend :—‘We are informed by our Irish correspondent that a vacancy having occurred in the representation of the county of ——, Mr. Fane, a gentleman of large estate in that county, and well known in fashionable circles, will shortly address the constituency.’ He wants your father’s interest, and that was the object of his visit.”

“Then I’ll take care he shall not get it. I’ll write to my father to-day” said I “and let him know of the reception Fane gave me here.”

CHAPTER IX.

“A GENEROUS FRIENDSHIP NO COLD MEDIUM KNOWS.

NOW, Mick,” said my friend when we had lighted our cigars after breakfast next morning, “I want you to be perfectly at your ease with me, and as I know you have a high spirit, I think it well to say that you must consider yourself under my orders, and what you have to do is to obey. I feel bound, now that chance has brought us together, to act as if I were your relative, and you must not raise any objections. You must have a new rig out, and I will introduce you to my tailor ; and also have you proposed at a good club ;—no insubordination, Mick,” he said, on seeing that I was prepared to remonstrate. “Your father is my oldest and best friend, and I am responsible to him for his son’s introduction into London society, so it is all settled —come along. We’ll go first to Grogan’s, and then stroll down to the R——h, and I’ll put down your name in the candidate book, and introduce you to some friend who will second it.”

Messrs. Grogan, merchant tailors, lived in a street adjoining Piccadilly ; the firm had migrated from Ireland, bringing with them their principal artificer, Mr. Quid (who can efface from memory his shining wig, darker than the raven’s wing, or his beaming countenance, “ruddier than the cherry”?), one of the most genial knights of the shears I have ever met.

Major Clifford, lighting a weed, and sitting down in a luxurious chair, said,—

“Now, Quid, be as particular as if you were measuring me.”

“To be sure, Major, I’ll be quite as particular;—Mr. Schmidt?”

Here an assistant of German appearance came forward, ascended a sort of pulpit, and took his pen in hand. Mr. Quid walked round me, taking a careful survey of my person, and then, applying his measure, said,—

“Ready, Mr. Schmidt? Forty-six (*grand chist, sor*), twenty-nine and three-quarters (*beutiful west*), thirty-seven and a half (*foine man; asy to make a coat fit you, sor*). Vest, forty-three, twenty-two and a half, thirty-two and a quarter. (*Know Captain—, sor?—got a rich wife, I hear; poor fellow, he wanted one.*) Trouser, twenty-nine and a quarter, thirty-two and a half (*stand up, plaze full hoight*), thirty-nine. Calf, fifteen (*good leg for a trouser*). That’ll do sor, thank you; your card, if you please.”

Major Clifford and I then duly inspected some patterns, Mr. Quid giving his opinion.

“Can recommend this, sor, for trousers. Pattern not to loud,—style very quiet now, sor.”

“That will do, Quid,” said my friend. “Thursday to try on?”

“If you please, Major,” said Mr. Quid. “Allow me.” Here he opened the door and bowed us out with many genuflections. We then walked down St. James’s Street, and having lunched at the——club, strolled across the Green Park, and shortly found ourselves in the “Row,” where equestrians were few at that hour. Walking leisurely towards Kensington Gardens, Major Clifford continued the conversation we had commenced in the morning.

"Mick," said he, "there is one thing you must promise me—that no amount of 'old-manning,' or affectionate familiarities of that sort, will induce you to play at cards for heavy stakes. Every man in society, no doubt ; must sometimes take a hand ; we'll have a few quiet rubbers at our own quarters, and I believe that I can coach you in card-playing so as to enable you to hold your own against average players ; but never go in for being a crack player, or you'll have to play high. Play only when you are asked to make up a rubber ; play like a gentleman—as your father did ; win if you can, but stop when you have reached your limit of loss. Don't drink while playing, or play with men who do ; and never play at your club for more than an hour,—it's vulgar to do so, and has an 'expert' look. I have fixed rules for my own guidance, and I'll tell them to you over a cigar to-night, and pledge you to adhere to them."

"I have played with my father and Father McQuade and the doctor," said I, "frequently, and can hold my own fairly ; but I've no great liking for cards."

"So much the better," said my friend ; "but if you can play on equal terms with them, I have no fear of your being pigeoned here. I have your promise, Mick ?"

"You have," said I, "and I feel very grateful for your advice."

Had every man on entering life an adviser such as my friend was to me, how many would escape the snares and pitfalls from which he so considerately strove to guard my inexperienced footsteps !

CHAPTER X.

“ LEAVES HAVE THEIR TIME TO FALL.”

ALTHOUGH I had written to Barney on my arrival, I had not as yet received any letter from home, and was beginning to feel anxious. On entering our sitting-room next morning, I found a letter on the table, addressed in Barney’s handwriting, and on opening it was shocked to find that its contents were as follows :—

“ THE COLLIGE,” May, 187—.

“ Masther Mick,—The ould masther doid yesterday—rist his soul ! It wor all along o’ thim unfortunit pockits an frittin’ about ye. Come home quik, avick ; the berl ’ll be on Satherday. Yures to command, B. Buckawn Philomadth. P. S. We’ll wak him praper.”

My grief was deep. My kind father gone for ever from my sight ! There was no time to be lost, for the letter had been kept by Shusy for two days, in expectation of a visit from me, and she had brought it only that morning to the Albany. It was now Thursday. My kind friend was as much affected as myself, and after a day spent in strict privacy and in making preparations for my journey, I started by the evening train for Ireland, and passing through Dublin without stopping, arrived at Ballyporeen early on the morning of Saturday. Finding that all the local conveyances had left for Castle Callighin two hours before my arrival, I

knew that the funeral must have been fixed for an early hour, and that it would pass on its way to the family burying-ground at a cross-roads some three miles distant. I walked rapidly across country, to an eminence whence an extensive view could be obtained, and on reaching it I saw the hearse with some attending equipages ascending a distant hill, the straight road for nearly two miles being dotted with white spots like the paper tail of a kite, or a long string of geese returning home in Indian file. These were the tenantry, adorned with hat-bands. I hastened my pace, and at length, passing the long procession, arrived at the graveyard just as the funeral reached its gates. I was just in time to see my father's remains deposited in their last resting-place. I will not dwell upon the melancholy details ; the obsequies were conducted by the bishop of the diocese, assisted by Father McQuade and all the priests for many miles round. The tomb having closed over one of the kindest and best of fathers, I departed to the Castle, and, oppressed with grief and fatigue, threw myself on a couch and sought relief in repose. Bridget's grief, like mine, was deep and silent, and she also, worn out with the sad duties she had so well performed, retired to an early rest. Irishwomen of her class are generally demonstrative in their woe, but she contrived to control her feelings in her respect for my speechless sorrow. Early the next forenoon, I was visited by the good priest and also by Barney, both of whom met me with downcast eyes, and a kind pressure of the hand that went to my heart.

“Mick, my son,” said Father McQuade, “I’m glad to see that ye’re bearin’ it like a man ; all was done for him that could be, and you must give your attintion to most importhant phrivate and public bisniss at won’t.”

"We waked him gran'," said Barney, "for foive noights ; all the tay an' candles, an' all the whisky an' tobaccy in Ballyporeen wasn't enuff ; an' faix, I'm thinkin' all that wos in the pillar wint too, an' that wasn't a thrifle,—but it wos gran'."

"Thank you both," said I, "I'm sure you did what was usual and right."

"Now, Mick," continued Father McQuade, "we'll take the phrivate affairs first. You didn't know it but I did ; yer father insured his life heavy whan you wor born, an' many a shtuggle he had to pay thim praymyums, but he did it ; an' there's £10,000 comin' to ye, an' that'll pay the dibts, an' relase the istate. You'll be a snug man now, Mick. There'll be no sale, nor any ixpince, for all goes to you be the will. An' maybe we'd bist discoorse now about the public matthers, for they're importhant, an' won't kape. You know, or iv you don't ye'll know now, that there's an election comin' an, an' the writ 'll be out in a week ; there's no one up yit but Mr. Fane ; his addriss is stuck up all over the county, but he'd have no chance at all at all agin you ; an', Mick, me son, yer dyin' fathers last words wor, 'Till Mick that I lave it an him to stan' for the county the first chance, for he's young, an' he's cliver, an' you an' Barney's made a scollard o' him. It couldn't be while I lived, but 'll rist asier av ye'll say ye'll till him it wor me dyin' requist, for I know he'll do it.'"

"Father McQuade," said I, "my father's wish is law to me. I'll stand."

"Be the modther o' Moses," said Barney, "we'll giv' Fane a whalin' that'll keep him from comin' here agin."

"But, Father McQuade," said I, "time presses, my address should be out."

“ I’m thinking,” said he, “ there’s nothin’ lift in this house to ate or drink, at prisint ; come home wid me, an’ stop the noight, and we’ll write the addriss ; an’, Barney, jist you run across to Ballyporeen, wid Mr. Callighin’s compliments, an’ ask the iditor o’ the ‘ Heral’ to keep the priss open till tin o’clock, an’ he’ll have the addriss in toime for a spicial idition.”

Father McQuade and I drove rapidly to his glebe house, where we found a good dinner awaiting us. Having dined heartily, he mixed a stiff tumbler, and said,—

“ Now, take the writin’ pin, Mick, and write ; I’ll dhictate :—

“ TO THE FREE AN’ INDIPINDINT ELECTORS OF THE COUNTY
OF—.

“ GINTLEMIN (*they’ll like that*),—A mimber of wan o’ the anshint familees iv yer grate county (*we’ll keep the ould blood to the fore, an’ av it wor Carelow itself, that’s but a crowl* o’ a county, I’d call it grate, for it plazes them, an’ costs nothin’*) I seek the free an’ indipindint supphort of its intilligint Constituancy (*the bigger lies we put in the betther, an’ the grandther the words ; as for indipindince, iviry modther’s son o’ thim ’ll vote jist as the archbishop an’ me ’ll till thim from the althar nixt Sundy, and wid rigard to intilligince, I don’t parsave it in the odther addriss, so it’s best to pit it in*). Me ansisthers (*that’ll not do, they’ll think ’twas wimin*). The Callighins has liv’t in the yinirible state o’ the familee (*its yinirible enuff, for there isn’t a wall in it that’s not crackt*) for ages ixtindin’ beyant the rimothest antiquitee (*that’s true*), an’ nivir wore knone to turn the poore from the dhure, nor to stan ’an inshult fram an aquil (*fait’h the contints o’ the male*

*Dwarf.

barrils went into the wan an' iv the pisthils into the odther); thare princippils is moine, an' I sollicit yer suffrigis (they'll come to me to ax the manin' o' that word, an' I'll till thim 'tis plumpin') on the hid of past performances, an' nat iv futhure pramises, as odthers do that hadn't as much lan' in the countee as id sod a lark, till the odther day only (that's givin' it to them hot). Mix anodther tumbler, Mick, while I'm cogitatin.'

The tumblers being replenished he said, "Now rade that. It's a gran' start, an' it sounds like a roar from St. Jarlaths; now write an', and lave a loine."

"The grate quistions that'll come before Parliament is idication, home rule, an' the lan' (*I'd loike to pit him two last first, but I doubt the archbishop wouldn't stan' that, an' we must plaze him*). On the former I'm soun to the backbone (*faith ye are, Mick, there's nat a blemish about ye*). I recaved me own idication in religion an' humanitees from the rivirind Fadther McQuade, P. P., an' the larned plilomadth, Barney Buckawn, at the collige in the parish o' Ballyporeen, an' the ixcillint instruiction imparted to me by thim distinguisht scollars, I'd wish to see pit widin the rache o' the risin giniration o' the countee (*me modhisty won't allow me to make id any stronger. Now lave a loine*)."

"A home ruler in the matther o' idication, I'm aqually a home ruler as rigards the political constituition ov me counthree (*that's what I call a concise sintince, an' exprissis a grate dale, widout maning much*), an' I hopes to live to see a native parliment in the methropolis ov Oireland (*ye'll scratch a grey hid, Mick, I'm thinking. Now lave a loine, an' mix me a frish tumbler, for the lan' comes nixt, an' it's a quare nut to crack.*")

After a pause we started anew:—

“ The lan’ wor creathed for the good iv man, (*that’s Ginisis*), an’ all min, tinints as well as lan’lords, has a roight to injoy the froots iv the soyl (*they can’t deny that*). The legislather in its wisdom has past a lan’ act that no man can onderstan’—it does nat take enuff from ayther lan’lord or tinint to plaze the odther iv thim, an’ has dissatisfi’d both. I’m prepared to supphort any rasonable amindment iv its provishins (*that soun’s like atin’*) that’ll place both the owner an’ the tinints on a praper futtin’, an’ pramote agriculther iv me counthree (*av that’s not comprihinsive, let any one mind it that can; lave a loine*).

“ Your fait’ful an iximplory clargy should be rispicted an’ praperly supphorted, an’ that should be, in my opinion, the first care iv iviry good Catholic. The Callighins has always acted an this princippil, an’ I will not recade from it. I shall therefore advocate in me place in parliment the resthoration to his holiness the Pope ov Room iv his pathrimonial tirritories (*we’ll pit that in, tho’ it’s not likely to happen; but the archbishop’s strong an’ the head ov it, and we must plaze him. Now for the last parrygraff,—mix a tumbler an’ let me think. I have it now*).

“ I need not remoind you that the oyes iv the whole kingdom is an yer political movèmints, an’ that less importanth constithencies will be inflooenced be your ixample. I awate the risult wid confidince, an’ am, gintlemin (*we’ll pit that in agin*),

“ Yer obadient sarvant,

“ MICK CALLIGHIN.”

“ Now moind, Mick,” said he, “ *you wrote the addriss (that’s true for ye held the pin)*; av any one axes ye who help’t ye, say its the spontaynus effhusion iv yer ardent aspoirations,

rivvised be an ixparianced polititian ; an' for the loif iv ye, don't mintion *my* name, for I've no wish to come before Keogh agin,—he gave us an awful hacklin' last toime. Now sind it acrass to-noight to Ballyporeen, an' it'll drap like a bombshill among the inimy, for they don't know yer here."

CHAPTER XI.

“WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?”

THE address, with Father McQuade's comments, was written down, as dictated, in the vernacular ; I transposed the former into “Queen's English,” and dispatched it in time to appear in an extra edition of the “Ballyporeen Herald,” and it was posted over the entire county on the following day. My adversary had not calculated upon any opposition, and least of all from the quarter whence it proceeded. My father had been much respected by the peasantry, and this, with my own personal popularity, and my skillfully drawn address carried all before it ; my opponent, after a few days' fruitless canvass, retired and left me in sole possession of the field. On the day of declaration the sheriff returned me as duly elected, and thanking the electors in a short address, I made some necessary arrangements at home, and returning to London, took my seat, and entered upon my duties as a legislator.

Major Clifford warmly congratulated me on the success of my electoral campaign, as he styled it. “Mick,” said he, “my advise is to take it all coolly ; don't get excited, feel your way ; associate with the best men in the House, and above all, don't allow yourself to be mixed up with any society, association, or political cabal, that has its head-quarters in Dublin ; for I have observed that so sure as any question of a public nature finds its way into the

Rotunda, in that city, it falls into the hands of a clique of low, vulgar agitators and demagogues, more polemical than political in their proclivities, and who set the wishes of the priests above the interest of the people. That building has been the tomb of every political question that has found its way into its melancholy abyss, and I verily believe the air within it is impregnated with an invisible and subtle essence of departed political aspirants, that asphyxiates all who breathe it. Indeed, Dublin, in all political respects, is a city to be avoided ; even the successive lord mayors, and corporations, and the boards of guardians, are infected with an hereditary political itch that makes them fidgety, and prevents them from attending to their proper functions ; they are always fiddling and horn-blowing for the delectation of the turbulent portion of the citizens, instead of cleaning the sewers, paving the streets, and tasting the skilly, which are their legitimate duties ; and the tone of their debates is of the lowest type of vulgarity. I observed lately that a member of the corporation addressed a brother alderman thus :— ‘The devil a h’orth you know about it,’ and was not called to order by the president.”

“I know no person in Dublin,” said I, “except Mrs. Blain, and I am not likely to be there at any time for more than a few hours.”

“Yes,” said he, “but you’ll be asked to go there, and take part in the ‘regeneration of your country,’ whatever that means ; and my advice is don’t go. The political atmosphere is pestiferous ; and parts of the city smell as vilely as Coomassie, and will continue to do so until the corporation gives up politics and confine themselves to their proper functions.”

“Let us for a moment,” continued he, “consider what

was the political position in three-fourths of the Irish counties before the introduction of the ballot ; it was, in fact, a struggle for the representation between the landlords, and the priest led by their hierarchy. Both generally selected as candidates gentlemen connected by property with their respective counties, who, however liberal in their views on the land question, and latitudinarian in their political principles, were not the advocates of federal government, home rule, or ultra-revolutionary legislation ; the third element, nationalism, although it no doubt existed, found no utterance in Parliament. Under the system of open voting the electors were influenced to such an extent by the landlord and clerical parties, that there was no chance for a home rule or Fenian candidate ; but with the ballot all is changed. A class of candidates for the representation of Irish counties now come forward and are returned on the home rule cry, who never before would have had the smallest chance of election—unsuccessful, or what are called in Scotland ‘stickit’ barristers, scheming attorneys, city guinea-pigs who have an interest in writing M.P. after their names on sham prospectuses ; and, worse than all, London or Manchester monied leviathans, who buy small properties in southern and western counties, with a fraction of their wealth, get into Parliament, and straightway become English-Irishmen, and patriots of the first water. With these latter it is simply a good speculation—throwing a sprat to catch a salmon. A man who has £500,000 and wants the luxury of a seat in St. Stephen’s Club, can afford to buy £50,000 worth of bad property in one of these counties ; it does not pay him directly as an investment, but it pays him in a social point of view, and it pays him in London in a financial, to become an M. P. No sooner

does he become an Irish landed proprietor and M. P., then he is put upon the grand jury of the county, and, when his party come into office, is made a justice of the peace, and deputy-lieutenant, and steps into a position, in virtue of his wealth, he could not attain in English county society in a century.

“ From a constitutional stand-point,” continued he, “ the former state of things was infinitely preferable to the present position of the representation ; as preferable, for instance, as a republic in France is to the Commune. I do not mean to say that there are not a few sincere men among those who have got into Parliament as home rulers—*rari nantes*—but they are exceptions. Very lately, one of the home rule members admitted to me that he only became a home ruler to secure his election, and that, in fact, he considered home rule, to use his own phraseology, ‘ the greatest humbug out.’ This is a low state of political morality ; but so great is the gullibility of the Irish electors that it will probably be some time before they see through this mock patriotism. The parliamentary public, however, have already taken the measure of these men, and contrast them with the class of members elected by English and Scotch constituencies, and with the former representatives from Ireland. What their verdict is, may be gathered from the small amount of respect shown to them in the House of Commons ; in fact, most of them are regarded as political bores, few of them are effective speakers, and some of those who are, presuming upon previous temporary success, end in disgusting the House with some ill-conceived, bumptious flight of oratory, that effaces its previously formed favourable judgment ; while a few are simply tolerated as buffoons.”

“ Believe me, Mick, extravagance of statement, vulgarity

of manner, jocularity, and the ‘bounce’ of political mountebankism will not do in the British House of Commons. The respectable members of the party know this, and stand aloof as much as they can, giving silent votes, and scarcely concealing their disgust at the political degradation of their country. Your natural position is with this section ; you are one of the few men of old family who have got into Parliament ; hold to your comparative independence, and to your seat, as firmly as you can. Being in Parliament may do you no personal good, but you keep out some demagogue who would do you and the country incalculable harm.”

“But.” said I, “do you not really think that this home rule agitation will die out in a short time?”

“No,” replied he, “I think quite the contrary. The leaders believe, or affect to believe, that the Liberal party will at some future time support home rule ; they openly express their hope and expectation that the present Conservative majority will dwindle away, and then the Liberals will bid for the Irish vote ; they lead the peasantry to think so. In fact, home rule is a thoroughly democratic, revolutionary, and communist movement, based on agrarianism, and, in my opinion, will eventually culminate in some overt act of rebellion. I prophesied the same of Fenianism, for which home rule is but an *alias*, and was laughed at.

“The Ulysses of home rule is reported to have said, when addressing the Limerick mob, ‘God be with the man who proves traitor to his country.’ Some savage nations whip their gods when dissatisfied with the result of their invocations. I should not be surprised were some of the home rule members shot by their dissatisfied constituents. It is recorded in the ‘Ulster Archæological Journal’ that during

the first circuit of assize held in Ireland, some two hundred and fifty years ago, the juries would not return verdicts, 'whereupon' the chronicler relates 'the judges ordered the sheriff of a northern county, to hang two of the jury, and the rest of the rogues then did their duty.' An honourable member lately implored the House of Commons not to repeal the tax upon fire-arms in Ireland, 'the ten shillings in question,' said he, 'being all that stands between myself and eternity,' and, he added, 'I believe other honourable members entertain similar apprehensions.'

"The man," continued Major Clifford, "who denounces any home rule member, by name, as a traitor to his country, incurs an awful responsibility. That this agitation will be continued I have no doubt; its leaders remind the people that Roman Catholic emancipation was brought forward eighteen times in Parliament before it was carried; that the ballot was successful after twenty years' struggle; that the Irish Church was considered impregnable, and that Liberal governments are squeezable. Independent of all this, 'home rule' is the only cry left the revolutionary party, and they cannot give it up."

Walking one day in Pall Mall, I observed a man standing at a print shop window, his hands in his pockets, and a short pipe in his mouth. I at once recognised and addressed Mr. Campbell, who seemed much pleased to meet me.

"I aye thocht we'd forgather agin sune," he said; "an how's a' wi' ye, Mr. Calgin?—I see yer mimber o' Parliment the noo."

"I have been returned for the county of—," said I. "I am just going down to the House; would you like to come and hear a debate?"

"Weel, Mr. Calgin," he replied, "I doesna mind gaun

wi' ye, but I hae na muckle time to gie till listenin' to claverin' ; I maun be off to Belghum the morn ; but I may as well put in a while wi ye at ta Hoose, as ye ca' it, the nicht.”

I called a cab, and in a few minutes entered the lobby of the House. We ascended to the front row of the speakers' gallery, and not liking to leave my friend alone, I sat beside him and pointed out several leading members. A home rule member was addressing the House on the subject of an Irish Parliament ; he urged that Ireland was unanimously in favour of home rule. “It's a lee !” said my companion, so loud as to attract the notice of one of the doorkeepers, who held a wand, and was decorated with a large gilt badge of office. Touching the offender with the former he said, “Silence, if you please.” “Silence yersel,” said Mr. Campbell ; “wha spoke till ye ? Jist keep a ‘calm sough,* ma mon, an' pit doon yer bit wattle—yer's michty gran' wi' yer gowd caffin plate on yer wame ;—ha' a care noo, for gin ye mioca' me agin, I'll poo' yer neb—ye ill-faured loon.”

The auditors almost choked with suppressed laughter, while the offended dignitary signalled to his brethren, and my interference alone protected my companion from summary ejectment.

Here a great commotion took place in the House ; hon. members on all sides crying “Hear, hear,” a certain sign that some amusing episode was about to be enacted. A stentorian voice was heard to say, “Mr. Spaker,—I wish to addriss a few observations to the House, an' as they'll be short I'll not detain ye long (hear). A grate statesman, Sir Achilles Standish, wor wan'st ridin' wid the Lord Leftinant an the sands o' Clontarf, an' his horse pit his fut in a hole ; over he

*Keep quiet.

wint, an' as he wor fallin', he cocht howld o' his Ixcillincy and down they wint together. (Roars of laughter.) 'Sir Achilles,' said his Ixcillincy 'I believe you are mimber for Kocktopher ; in future we'll call you mimber for "Knockt' Over." The remainder of the speech was lost to us from the storm of laughter and cries of "Order" with which the hon. member was continually greeted.

We shortly after descended to the lobby, where I pointed out several well-known members. "That gentleman," said I, "is Mr.——, one of the whips."

"Whup," said Mr. Campbell, "I see nae whup ; does he skelp thim in till their wark, an' gif he does, why doesna he steek the yet?* for I nivir seen sich a rinnin in an' out—it's mare like a Hieland kirk than a Parlimint Hoose ; but, Mr. Calgin, I maun hae a poo at ma pepe, isna there a smaukin place at haun somewhar aboot ?—'Saul o' me ! fats yon ?

This interruption was caused by the inspector in charge shouting at the top of his voice "Hats off, strangers." This injunction, delivered with the impressive attitude and loud voice of the worthy inspector, always reminds me of the "Off with his head," of "Richard III.", though, by-the-by, no such words were written by the immortal bard.

A great official, with his attendant satellites, was proceeding to the House of Lords.

"Ech, Mr. Calgin," said my friend, "he's for a' the wurld like a bubbly-jock, † wi' ane corbie ‡ struttin' before, an' twa jackda's happen' ahint him ;—but I maun hae a blast o' ma pepe, the noo."

We then descended to the tobacco parliament, and having secured a quiet corner, I ordered materials, and lighted a weed.

* Shut the door. † Turkey-cock. ‡ Grey-crow.

“Aweel,” said my friend, “an hoo’s the bit lassie ye tauld me aboot ; div ye think ye’ll forgather wi’ the hizzie, or is’t oot o’ sicht oot o’ mind wi’ ye ; aiblins it’s best sae for baith.”

“I have never asked her to be my wife,” I replied and am not likely to do so now, since I was informed, when lately in Ireland, that she was about to be married to an officer of constabulary, and if it is the case I intend to give her a fortune of £500, as a remembrance.”

“A soo-inspakter, div ye say? Mon, but thae chiels hae a keen neb for a bonnie lass wi’ a guid tocher. Ye’ll ken I’m a widdy-man, Mr. Calgin, an’ aften fra home aboot the lint ; but ane morn I came hame o’ a sidden, an’ walkit intil ta hoose—diel a saul could I fin’ in it oop or doon ; sae I gaed oot an’ keeks aboot, an’ sune I hears voices oop aboot ta barns ; I slippit roon canny an’ sure aneuch there was my twa hizzies o’ dochters squattin’ on the stane dyke wi’ the ‘chief,’—that what’s they ca’ thim doon oor way,—an’ him wi’ a sparrahawk pairchit an his airm, an’ the hail pairty gabblin amang ither. Ane o’ the hizzies lookit roun’, an’ when seen me, she gied a skriegh, an’ the baith rin awa’ skirlin like poosies* when the grue’s† catchin’ them. Up he gits, an’ cam forrit till me, an’ sez he, ‘Yer welkim hame, Mr. Cawmel ; I was jist gieing the young leddies soome instrooction aboot howks.’ ‘Thanks till ye,’ sez I, but ‘I dinna care for havin’ howks after ma doos,‡ or aboot ma place ava, an’ what’s mair’—raxin doon a cairt whup aff the barn wa’ an’ gien it a swirl or twa roun’ ma heed, an’ slappin’ ma leg—‘ gif ye doesna be aff dooble quick’—ye ken what that means—‘ I’ll lowse the dowgs, an gie ye a cheevy. The chiel was oot o’ sicht before ye could say Jock Rabinson.

* Hares.

† Greyhound.

Noo, Mr. Calgin, I maun be aff mysel'; wussin' ye weel, I'll jist say guid nicht t'ye."

Mr. Campbell is a type of that active, intelligent class of Irish-Scotchmen who have made Ulster what it is ; they are always moving, always " aff" about their business. Were all Ireland inhabited by such a race, it would be second to no other country in the world.

CHAPTER XII.

HOME RULE.

I FOUND among my letters next morning an urgent summons to attend a meeting of the Home Rule Committee at their rooms in _____ Street. Of course as a home rule member I felt called upon to do so, although I had never had any previous alliance with its leaders. On entering the room I found a number of members already assembled, and on taking a seat near the door, a gentleman advanced from the upper end of the room, who I afterwards found was the "whip" of this embryo Parliament.

"We're delighted to find you've joined the 'Dhirty Half-Hundred,'—for that's the name some impidint pup in the Junior Carlton has named the fifty patriots that voted for Oirland last week. You reprisint an importhant county, an' you must not sit next the dhure ; there's a sate resarved for you next the chair ; down here's where the small burra mimbers sits. Come up and be inthrodused to the presidint."

I was very reluctant to put myself forward in this political movement, and had resolved to follow Major Clifford's advice, and remain as dormant as possible ; but I could not decline the introduction, and therefore followed my guide to the upper end of the room, where the ceremony was duly performed, and I took my seat.

"Gintlemin," said the president, rising, "I've the proide

and pleasure of introducing a member of an ancient family, wan o' the ould stock (hear), an' an important accession to our patriotic band—Mr. Callighin, the new member for county _____."

A perfect chorus of "hear, hears" greeted me on rising to acknowledge the honour. I briefly thanked them for the reception they had given me; said that I would give my best attention to the interests of my country, and resumed my seat. I overheard comments on my first appearance which were intended for my ear—"He's a quoit boy, an' he'll go wid the rist," "Give him toime an' a risolution to sicond now and agin an' he'll warm to the wurk," "He's too young for the Sacred Commit-tee—he'd talk too much out o' dhures," and so on.

The members had taken their seats, when an officer of the House, clad in green uniform decorated with devices of Irish harps and shamrocks, and covered with gilt buttons bearing the head of the great O'Connell and the motto "Erin go bragh," walked up the room, with a small basket in his hand, and distributed numerous letters to the members to whom they were addressed. Each of these opened his letter while awaiting the commencement of business. On the table lay a paper headed "Special Business—Irish Fisheries—Discussion thereon." Suddenly amazement sat upon the countenances of those who had perused the contents of their envelopes; exclamations of "Begorra that's impudent!" "Who wrote that now?" "Mr. President, we can't be quoit under this; some stips must be taken," arose on all sides. It appeared that some wag, probably the author of the "Dhirty Half-Hundred" sobriquet, had got wind of the intended discussion, and had compiled the following *jeu d'esprit* :—

IRISH PARLIAMENT.*—APRIL 1, 1877.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

FISHERY BOUNTIES.

THE HON. MEMBER FOR KILLARNEY—(Who spoke very correct English)—I rise, sir, to move that a grant of £50,000

* The boroughs named do not now return members, but will be included in the two hundred boroughs to be revived, provided they each contain 500 inhabitants.

be made for the encouragement of fisheries, particularly of the oyster fishery ; it is within the personal experience of hon. members that if you go to Bindon's, or Hyne's in Dame Street, the supply of oysters is limited, and the price very high (*hear*) ; a grant of public money is absolutely necessary——

HON. MEMBER FOR BALLAGHADEREEN—What oysters, sir, does the hon. member mane? I'm credibly informed that His Royal Highness is fond of (*roars of laughter*)—what are yez laffin at?—poldhudies, an' there's no betther oysters : all the priests in Connaught ates thim to their punch ; whin there's a royal risidince in Oireland (*jeers*), the aidjucons 'ill ate them for supper (*a voice—May they choke them*).

HON. MEMBER FOR CLADDAGH—There's betther oysters in Galway Bay ; me constituents lives by fishin' ; I sint a barrel to Archbishop Banning yistherday (“*O'Donnell aboo*”). If there's any money goin' I put in for——

HON. MEMBER FOR SKERRIES—Malaide's the best oyster out, an' the nearest to Doblin ; yez can ate thim just out of the watther ; the inhabitants of this great metropolis——

HON. MEMBER FOR GREENORE—Begorra, Carlingford's betther oysters, an' there's a railway to carry thim.

HON. MEMBER FOR BALLYBUNINABBER—Rid Bank's the queen of oysters—(*hear, hear, “divvle a doubt of it,”*)—thim an a glass of Jamison's or Kinahan's goes well together.

HON. MEMBER FOR GARMOYLE — Carrick's worth them all put together—they're tin toimes as big—a dozen goes to a creel ; they're the best for roastin' by far.

HON. MEMBER FOR STRANGFORD—There's the Ringhad-dys they catch in Killinchy Bay ; they're a grand oyster if yez feed him till they get fat.

HON. MEMBER FOR BALLYDERMODYBOG—Is cockles an' periwinkles fish ? I've seen the weemen an' chilfer picking them out of the shell wid pins, and atin thim. (*Question.*) There's clams, too—

THE HON. MEMBER FOR KILLARNEY had listened attentively to the observations of hon. members, but was not prepared to express any opinion on the relative merits of the oysters mentioned, or to say whether cockles, periwinkles, or clams were fish.

HON. MEMBER FOR KILBALLYGORMAN—I've heered no mention of herrins ; herrins and “ potatoes an' point,” or “dab at the stool,” forms a great part of the doit of the Irish.

THE HON. MEMBER KILLARNEY—Well, no doubt herrings are fish, and will come under the supervision of the Commissioners. I propose, sir, that a grant of £50,000—

HON. MEMBER FOR SKIBBEREEN—By're lave—I rise, sir, to propose an amindment. I move, sir, that a tax be put upon expatriation — I mane exportation — of oysters to England. (*Hear.*) We can now tax ourselves, without riferince to the British Parliament. (*Hear.*)

HON. MEMBER FOR BALLYMENA—Free Trade's against you.

HON. MEMBER FOR KILLASPUGMULLANE.—Free trade be—,(*Order.*) Why shouldn't we ate our oysters, instead of sinding thim to England to fatten thim gormandizing Sazons? (*Hear.*) Let them ate their natives (*hear,*) thin av we ate more oysters, we'll drink more of Guinness's porther, an' help Oirish manufacturers. (*A voice in the gallery—Guinness doesn't care a——about your custom; it's India drinks his*—*and great confusion.*) Well, we'll drink more whisky. (“*Hear,*” from the Hon. Member for Parsonstown.)

HON. MEMBER FOR KNOCKAGHCARBANDUFF—Sir, I am teetotaller. (*Oh!*) I believe there are many hon. members who are also abstemious. (*No, no,*)—(*Question.*) Hon. members cry question. I am in order, sir; and, as a member of the Temperance Union, I protest against a grant of public money to fisheries, and feel bound to throw cold water on the hon. member for Killarney's proposal. I second the amendment.

HON MEMBER FOR DHERREE—Sir, there's Greencastle oysters, as good as any; but I'm sib to Maggie Weelson, who was drooned in Scotland for refusin' to sign the Solemn League an' Covenant, and a' the dragoons o' that deevil Glaverhooose gin he wor leevin, wadna gar me vote this siller (*scratch yorself, and bless the Duke of Argyle.*) I'll not scratch mysel—yer an onmanerly chiel (*sing, sing*).

HON MEMBER FOR BALLYBOGLE—I rise, sir, as the representative of a leading northern constituency, to oppose the motion of the House, on higher grounds than the hon. member who has just resumed his seat; my constituents, sir, object to this grant on constitutional principles. We object, sir, to be taxed for the purpose (for that is the jesuitical object of the hon. member) of reducing the price of oysters to the

priests of Connaught (*order order*) and the inhabitants of this disloyal metropolis. (*Uproar.*) There's 200,000 Orangemen in Ulster, and we'll never submit to be taxed for such Romish objects (*sensation.*) Where's the money to come from? there's no Consolidated Fund now, and we've lost the subsidy to the Holyhead mail boats (*bedad we have.*) We'll hoist the blue banner——[Here a scene without parallel took place, hon. members jumping on the benches, and gesticulating all together. The hon. member for Ballybogle blowing his nose loudly with an orange handkerchief; when order was restored, the hon. member for the "City of the Violated Treaty" rose and said]—

Sir, I move that progress be reported. If the debates of this assembly are to be conducted in this way, the sooner we adjourn *sine die* the better. Home Rule (*boo, boo,*) I fondly expected, would unite all sections of the Irish people. (*Feers.*) Well, if it doesn't we'll know why. "Woe to the man who proves traitor to his country;" we're the strongest and 'll put down the minority (*burn them,*) and we'll begin by putting them noisy mimbers below the gangway out at that door (*Derry walls.*) Ireland must be free. [Here several representatives for northern constituencies whistled together the tune of the "Protestant boys," the hon. member for Blackerstown appearing to lead. This provoked reprisals, and several hon: members on the Treasury bench sang the "Wearin' of the green." the stentorian voice of the hon. member for Gormanstown being audible above the others; symptoms of a general scrimmage appearing, at a hint from the Speaker, the gas was turned off, and the House dispersed after the most uproarious scene your reporter ever witnessed in any parlimentary assembly.]

"Mr. Prisidint," said an athletic young member, "I'll

resint this ; it's an awdashus loybel. There's a mimer of the Junior Carlton that writes novels ; I'll go an' put a categorical quistion to him, an' if he confisses, I'll ax him to come out into the street, an' sittle it there."

" You'd betther let him alone," said another member ; " he's got swarms o' thim Orangemin at his back, an' they'd march up from the black north, an' saze Doblin in a minnit."

" I'll pit a detictive an the thrack, anyhow," said the first speaker, " an' iv I cotch the writher I'll _____"

The president here rang his bell, and a discussion took place on the order of the day. The messenger again entered during its progress, and distributed more letters.

" Mr. Prisidint," said the same pugnacious member, " here's more o' thim sqhibs ; it's disgraceful (*read, read*) ; it's poethry this toime (*read*) ; I'll rade it."

HOME RULE—A VISION.

Methought I saw on Tara's Hill,
Where Erin's kings were crowned,
A multitude its summit fill
For many a rood around.

The smoke of " pigtail " floated thick
From every " boy's " " dhudeen ; "
And high in air waved many a stick,
And fluttered banners green.

The crowd swayed here, the crowd swayed there ;
There was an awful scrooge ;
And on the platform, o'er the chair,
Rose an umbrella huge.

Beneath its shade a burly form,
 Crowned with a gold “caubeen,”
 With arms extended, hushed the storm,
 As he, only, could, I ween.

And when he spake in rolling tones
 And solemn—ceased the din :
 You might have heard upon the stones
 The dropping of a pin.

“ WHO WOULD BE FREEMEN—know ye not,
 Themselves must strike the blow ?
 Look down from this historic spot
 O'er the green vales below,

Where Brian bold th' invader met
 On Clontarf's rolling plains,
 From daybreak till the sun had set
 He slew the flying Danes.”

ERIN—A “melancholy ocean” thee
 Encircles as a zone,
 But Gem-like, of the Western Sea,
 Thou shin'st the star alone.

Thy sons are brave, thy daughters fair,
 Thy soil is dear to me,
 Before high heaven, this day, I swear,
 Fair isle—thou shall be FREE !

And as he spoke, this kinglike man
 Enrapt the people kept :
 Anon, they cheered him for a span :
 Anon they laughed, or wept.

BEWARE, he said, my friends, BEWARE,
 Who for me fought and *bled* ;
 Traitors, and turncoats, too, will dare
 To caper when I'm dead.

ONE, who from his early love has strayed,
Will draw full many in ;
Each blatant Ass will masquerade
In the dead Lion's skin.

Their brays and squeaking penny-trumps
St. Stephen's will not move ;
Not one among them's got my bumps,
Or can triumphant prove.

To farmers' boys, and such milksops,
To greenhorns who are willing,
To stable-helps and Dolly-mops
They'll sell cards at a " shilling."

Some cracked professors, and some dupes,
Some pigeons carrying letters,
Some urchins, scarce emerged from " hoops,"
May qualify for fetters.

Dogs who mean fighting do not bark,
What use this flash of powder ?
(And here the Spectre's brow grew dark
And voice of thunder louder.)

COME FORTH, COME FORTH BEFORE THE DAY !!
And truly tell the Nation
" We'll stand no trifling "—boldly SAY,
" Home Rule means—SEPARATION ! "

A great commotion here arose, and showers of execrations
were hurled at the head of the unknown author.

At this juncture I ventured to say,—

" Well, home rule does mean separation, doesn't it ? "

At this unlucky observation the president rose, and addressing the whip, said,—

" Plaze, Mr. ———, see that the door's shut. Mr. Callighin," said he, turning to me, " what you say is true, but it

isn't convanient jist yet to 'let the cat out o' the bag.' We're sootherin' the English House o' Commons till we git the lan' act aminded ; the quoiter we kape the betther, for a while ; the time 'll come whin we can spake out. We're plidged to sacricy, gintlemin, moind ; it's the more nicissary, for it's clear there's some aves-droppers givin' information of our dissinsions, an' they may git howld of the unfortunit observation of the hon. mimber for county —— ; his political ixperience isn't grate as yit, or he'd parsave the nicissity of riticince."

The conference then broke up, no decision having been arrived at with regard to the question for the discussion of which it had been convened.

CHAPTER XIII.

“ But there’s nothing half so sweet in life
As love’s young dream.”

I WAS walking in Kensington Gardens one evening, when a lady, who preceded me at a short distance, dropped her glove, which I took up and presented to her. She thanked me very politely, we entered into conversation, and after a short walk together I took my leave and we separated.

A few evenings afterwards we again met in the gardens, and renewed our acquaintance. She was tall of stature, had an exquisite figure, and was dressed with extreme taste ; her eyes and features, so far as visible, were very beautiful. She wore a respirator, and spoke with a melodious lisp.

Our acquaintance thus commenced, soon ripened into intimacy ; she became the companion of my evening walks, and I shortly asked and obtained permission to visit her at her residence in—Terrace. In her promenades she was always accompanied by a gigantic footman, and at home by an elderly and agreeable companion. I never met any other visitor at her house, which was superbly furnished, and from the style of its appointments I concluded that she must be in the enjoyment of an ample fortune. She was an excellent musician, and I spent several afternoons listening to her finished performance on the piano, and in singing to her accompaniment.

I need not say that I soon began to perceive that our acquaintance was ripening into a mutual attachment. She always wore the respirator, and on asking her why she did so, she informed me that the air of London was so impure that her physician had enjoined her not to dispense with one.

I mentioned our acquaintance to Major Clifford, and on my describing her appearance, he said,—

“ By Jove, Mick, you’ll be a fortunate man if you win her. She is the sole heiress of old Grub, the dustman ; but she is an accomplished woman, has no brothers, and I quite approve of your suit. But I may as well tell you that I have known several fellows who ‘ went in ’ for her, but somehow none of them succeeded ; and all of them were very reserved on the subject. You have this advantage, however, you are an Irishman, and your countrymen are more successful with the fair sex than we are. ‘ Go in,’ my boy, and carry her off if you can.”

My suit progressed rapidly and well. I composed and sang to her accompaniment the following song, expressive of my sensations, being as yet too diffident to speak :—

“ HAD’ST thou the power of hidden thoughts discerning,
Thoughts that have touched the spirits tenderest chords,
Then mightest thou see the feelings that are burning
Deep in my bosom, far too deep for words.

As yet, content and happy in thy smiling,
I linger in thy presence unreproved :
But dread that I might lose that light beguiling
If once I dared to whisper that I loved.

Fain would I ask of thee some look or token
That e’en of hope the most remote might tell ;
But fear some word of mine, too warmly spoken,
Might rouse displeasure, and dissolve the spell.

They say that faithful hearts 'twere well to cherish,
So many false ones in this world we see ;
Then wilt thou bid a true and fond one perish,
That waits its doom of life or death from thee !”

My *inamorata* seemed never wearied of my impassioned singing of this song, which she called her “favourite,” into which I threw my whole soul.

Thus encouraged I continued my attentions, and after several more delightful strolls in the gardens at the witching hour of twilight, I ventured one evening to pour forth my tale of love. She responded in such a manner as to convince me that my advances were more than agreeable to her, and we walked together later than usual. I spoke of the happiness I anticipated in her society, and expressed my willingness to accompany her to a more temperate climate where she might breathe the soft and pure air recommended by her physician ; but she reassured me by saying that her constitution was strong, and, indeed, I never could understand how it could be otherwise, as her figure was remarkably robust, and she always presented an appearance of vigorous health. On this happy occasion we conversed as we had never done before, using those words of endearment which are usual between those who feel assured of each other’s love. For the first time we called each other by our Christian names ; hers was a beautiful one—“Marian.”

“Mick,” said Marian, “you are all that I could wish in every particular but one, your name ; could you change it to oblige me ? Perhaps you may have a second, which you could adopt as a substitute. I do not admire ‘Mick,’ and, besides that, owing to my lisph, I cannot pronounce words or names containing letters that are ‘dentals,’ you

must select a name that is composed of ‘labials,’ and more euphonious than the one you have,” and here she pressed my hand endearingly, and smiled as only she could smile.

“On your lovely lips, Marian,” said I, with a lover’s ardour, “I pledge myself to adopt any name you may select,” and I tore away the hated respirator that had so long concealed from my gaze lips that I had yearned to —well, to kiss ; and in the darkening twilight——

A hard substance met my impassioned salutation ; I turned Marian’s face towards the orb of night, just then illuminating the glade in which we stood, and gazed upon it. How can I describe my horror ? Two huge, prominent, and hideous teeth protruded through her lips, almost horizontally, round and tusk-like. Releasing her, I spoke but one word—“Marian !” She gave a faint scream, on which her gigantic footman ran forward and seized me. In a moment Barney’s instruction occurred to my mind ; I gave him the “Cornishman’s trip,” and fled.

Here was my dream of love and happiness rudely dissipated. I walked dejectedly homeward, reflecting as I went, and repining at my hard fate ; and yet I felt that I was unreasonable ; how could I expect that the sun would shine for ever upon me, or that a shadow would not cross its beam. By the time I had reached the Albany, I had begun to bear my disappointment with more philosophy, and determined to dismiss Marian from my thoughts.

“ You look dispirited, Mick, to-night,” said Major Clifford. “ I have never observed you taciturn before ; has anything annoyed you ?”

I then relieved my feelings by detailing all the events of the evening ; when I described the *denouement* he could no longer restrain his laughter.

“Forgive me, Mick, old man,” said he ; “I sympathize with you sincerely, but it is too rich,—ha ! ha ! ha ! This, then, is the reason why none of Marian’s former admirers spoke of the cause of their rejection ; you had better follow their example if you do not wish to be quizzed unmercifully. But I am not sure, Mick, that you did well to fly ; she is, from what you have told me, a very charming person, with this exception, and a lovely set of teeth could be——”

“If,” said I, “she had herself disclosed her misfortune at an early stage of our intimacy, I could have overlooked it, and the defect might have been reparable ; but I cannot forgive the deception, the persistent use of that respirator.”

Here we both laughed outright for several minutes.

“Well, Mick,” said my friend, “one is never too old to learn ; I shall in future suspect all ladies who wear respirators. If you had not been so captivated in this quarter I might, perhaps, have been able to give you a straighter ‘tip,’ but of this hereafter. Let us go to the ‘Gridiron’ and drown your grief.”

CHAPTER XIV.

“ As sunshine broken in the rill,
Though turned astray, is sunshine still.”

MY readers will recollect that Barney Buckawn in writing to announce my father's death, stated that it was attributable to “fritin” for me, “an' all along o' thim unfortunit pockits.” The latter allusion neither I nor Major Clifford could understand; but on questioning Barney before I left home, I found that my father had been advised to sink a trial shaft for coal, at the instance of an amateur geologist from Dublin. He expended a considerable sum upon this experiment after my departure, and was rewarded by finding some coal of fair quality; but an expert who was called in pronounced the opinion that there was no seam of coal in the property, and that the coal then raised was merely the contents of what geologists call a “pocket,” which would soon be exhausted. This proved to be the case; my father's disappointment was great, and, I learned, much affected his spirits for some weeks before his death. On mentioning this to Major Clifford, he said, “I have a coal mine on my property in the north, and my Cornish manager, Mr. Eddy, is a very experienced miner: I would advise you to ask him to go over to Ireland and examine the shaft your father sank, and he will report whether there are any good indications of coal or not.” I gladly accepted this proposal, and having arranged with

Eddy to go, we awaited the result of his search with some anxiety. After about a fortnight had elapsed, the following laconic letter was received from him :—

BALLYPOREEN,
May, 187—.

“SIR,—

“There’s coal ; fair quality, and not far down. Last party missed the seam by about twenty yards. Output could be about 10,000 tons ; would lease the mine, or work on shares. Return to England to-morrow.

“Yours to command,

“J. EDDY.”

Here was more good fortune. I sought Major Clifford and put the letter into his hand, thanking him for the advice he had given me.

“Why Mick,” said he, “with this mine, and a wife with a good fortune, you’ll buy back the old acres again ; by-the-by, have you recovered your last disappointment in love?”

“I have had some relapses,” I replied, “but the paroxysms are decidedly less severe than they were at first.”

“Well, then,” said he, “I will introduce you to a young lady who I have known for several years ; she is rich as well as beautiful. Money, I am aware, is not an object to you now, but it will not detract from her charms. Her manners are perfect, and though not of high birth, she has been so well educated by her companion, the widow of an old brother officer of mine, that she is fit to take her place in the best society ; but you shall judge for yourself. You have met her father, and, indeed, are under considerable obligations to him ; there are other suitors, however, and if you wish to win the lady, you must be prepared to overcome very formidable rivalry.”

“But who is she?” said I. “You say I have met her father.”

“You have, Mick,” said he; “Our good friend Quid—who, I am grieved to inform you, died suddenly when you were in Ireland—had the happiness of calling this charming girl daughter, and has bequeathed her £30,000. Quid’s family, though not aristocratic, is historical; he was the grandson of an eminent tobacconist in Dublin, who, having become wealthy, set up a carriage, and desiring to adorn its panels with a crest and motto, requested the aid of one of his customers, a learned and facetious judge then on the Irish Bench. His lordship advised him to have for his crest two tobacco pipes crossed like swords, with the Latin words ‘Quid rides’ as motto. The Dublin wits at once perceived the equivoke, and Quid’s ancestor encountered so great ridicule when he drove through the city that he was obliged to give up his equipage.”

I pass over the early stages of my courtship, which in fact is too recent to be dwelt upon here, or exposed to public gaze; the romantic privacy of love-scenes should not be violated by letting in upon them the glaring light of human curiosity. To my literary executors I bequeath the duty of hereafter describing the interesting details of my love-suit; suffice it to say that it prospered so well, that on calling one day with the intention of,—well, the intelligent reader can guess what my intention was,—I inadvertently overheard my beloved in seeming altercation with her guardian.

“The duke, my dear, has done you the honor of placing his coronet at your feet; you cannot decline such a brilliant offer.”

“I do! I do! I do!—I won’t have any duke! I love Mick! I love Mick!

I entered the apartment, and my darling Marie rushed into my willing embrace.

About to return for a time to my native land, after a short and eventful sojourn in the great metropolis of England, I could not but reflect that the good fortune I had met with was owing to the friendly interest evinced for my welfare by Major Clifford, and the warm reception accorded by the numerous English friends to whom he had introduced me. Not six months previously I had arrived in London a perfect stranger ; I had now formed many friendships which I felt would prove to be genuine and lasting.

I had come to England prejudiced against the Saxon, expecting to encounter his proverbial banter to strangers, and influenced by the opinions of my father and Father McQuade, neither of whom had ever crossed the channel, and whose estimate of English character had been formed upon their casual acquaintance with Fane and others of that ungenial but happily limited class who, when they visit Ireland, thinking that it adds to their importance to be cold and supercilious, assume that “stand-off” manner and tone of superiority so offensive to my countrymen of all classes.

My personal experience in London was quite the reverse ; had I been educated at Eton and Oxford I could not have had more sincere friends than those who rallied round me on the occasion of my marriage. My belief is that the increasing intercourse between the aristocratic and middle classes of the two islands, arising from their mutual enjoyment of national sports on the racecourse and in the field, has done as much as the increase of trade towards promoting good fellowship and removing ancient prejudices.

I do not think, however, that this fraternization and gra-

dual Anglicanizing of Ireland is palatable to certain influential ecclesiastical parties, who would prefer that a cordon of exclusion were drawn round Ireland, and who accordingly support the agitation for home rule and a separate legislature, in which they hope to have a potential voice in the matter of education, as tending to bring about estrangement and ultimate separation.

My political opinions, it will be seen, have undergone a considerable change ; I no longer sympathise with those who wish to dismember the empire, but am convinced of its impolicy, in the true interest of Ireland.

I am not about to enter into a long political disquisition here ; I reserve these questions for future discussion in my place in Parliament, if my constituents, upon a frank explanation of my changed opinions, again select me as their representative. Of this I have not much hope, my views being now too cosmopolitan, and not compressible within the limited political vision of a Connaught constituency.

Suffice it to say I am now, by conviction, neither a Saxon, Celt, Gael, Cambrian, nor Manxman ; I know no distinction of race, and see no necessity for more than one legislature ; my bouquet is composed of roses, thistles, shamrocks, leeks, and the wild heath of Mona. I am, in fact, a “ citizen of the British Empire.”

If there is to be what our Yankee cousins call a “ difficulty” about “ home rule,” I will, like other true men, whet the “ sabre of my sires.” My ancestors fought for king and country in the olden time, both in England and Ireland, and are ready to do it again.

This, after I had written it, I perceived to be a “ bull,” but it is a loyal one, so let it remain.

My Saxon friends, no doubt, called me “ Pat ;” it was

not done insultingly, but as a term of familiar endearment, such as “Old man,” “Well, my sportsman,” etc. I did not therefore feel constrained, as Father McQuade had enjoined, to crack their crowns, but rather to crack their bottles, which I did, much to their satisfaction and my own. They did not vilify my nation, but, on the contrary, at the farewell convivial banquet at which I was launched into matrimony, merrily pledged themselves in flowing bumbores of “Donnington” that “Pat” was a “jolly good fellow,” and I, in return, drank the health of my warm-hearted Saxon hosts, and thus poured out the feelings of my heart in song :

“ From the land of the Fenians a stranger I came,
With nothing about me to charm ye ;
Deficient alike both in wealth and in fame,
With nought but my brogue and my blarney.

Ye true hearts ne'er doubted but mine was as true,
And harbored no thought that could harm ye ;
So you gave me the right hand of fellowship too,
Despite of my tongue and my blarney.

Go, search the world round, you may travel, nor find,
All the way from Fair Head to Killarney,
Better chaps than the Saxons, nor welcome as kind
As I got with my brogue and my blarney.”

I have also always thought that when love ends in marriage, as it ought to do in well regulated society, the curtain should drop for good, and not be again raised ; that the actors in the drama should not be required to reveal the circumstances of their *penetralia*, but should be imagined as living in a state of domestic bliss, involving the enjoyment of all those blessings popularly assumed as contributing to mundane felicity. Why should the public microscope be

turned full upon them? Whose business is it whether two or six dear little damp-nosed darlings sit around the table in high chairs at my matutinal family meal, with napkin tucked under their chins? Why should Mrs. Grundy be allowed to peer behind the scenes? She has had the privilege of sitting in the stalls or boxes, and of witnessing the antecedent progress of love and courtship, culminating in matrimony; she has had, in addition, a large slice of the bride-cake; therewith let her be content. Never, in any book that I may write, shall her impertinent curiosity be indulged; let the old lady gabble and wonder "how they are getting on" as much as she likes, I shall not be induced to follow the bad example of those writers who pander to her inquisitiveness by entering into details much better left to the imagination of the reader. I, for my part, when I arrive at the happy termination of a romance, always "cut" the concluding pages, with the feeling that having enjoyed the honey, I will not mar its flavor by devouring the comb.

When I arrived with my bride at Ballyporeen, much to our surprise we found the station decorated with flags, and the platform crowded with the peasantry of the barony, who greeted us with vociferous cheers. Ropes were quickly attached to our carriage, and we were drawn in triumph to Castle Callighin, by relays of stalwart "gosthoons" posted at various points along the road. On reaching the entrance gates we passed under an arch made of evergreens, surmounted by the green flag of Erin, and decorated with mottoes of "Marie, yer welcome," "Success to ye, Mick, abouchal," and a full-length portrait of Marie, painted by a native artist from a photograph I had sent over to Bridget. Crowds of children lined the avenue, scattering flowers as

we passed. On the steps of the Castle stood Father McQuade, Barney, and Bridget, who enfolded my bride in her ruddy arms and almost smothered her with kisses. Refreshments were liberally provided, numerous fiddles squeaked in melodious strains, and Marie led off her first jig with Father McQuade, who gyrated with an agility surprising in one of his advanced years and portly proportions. I danced with Mary, now herself a happy bride (I hope my own did not see the smack with which she greeted me). As the evening closed in, bonfires were lighted on the adjoining hills, one of large dimensions, built upon a raft in the centre of the lake, illuminating the whole country around by the reflection from its surface.

What was my astonishment on seeing my Seven Dials acquaintance, “Sodger Danny,” covered with sheaves of ballads, which he sang to admiring groups, the most popular being one in the Irish language, of which I have attempted the following translation :—

“MARIE OF BALLYPOOREEN.”

The day was sunshiny, the sea at Killiney
Danced sparkling with wavelets of emerald green,
When over the briny, 'mid yachts great and tiny,
Came the glad ship that bore thee to Ballyporeen.

Kind greeting we gave her, the men cried “God save her,”
The women cried “Marie, yer welcome, cushleen ;”
The maidens for hours culled shamrocks and flowers,
To brighten the footsteps of Marie, our queen.

Without any blarney, the groves of Killarney
Melodiously whispered her name, avourneen ;
The blackbirds and thrushes in the berry-gemmed bushes,
Sang “Marie, sweet Marie of Ballyporeen.”

Hills, glens and wildwoods, the joy-cry of childhood,
The strong cheer of manhood re-echoed between ;
The lake's gentle billow, murmuring close to her pillow,
Hushed softly her slumbers, the darlint colleen.

Och, say thou won't leave us, for sadly 'twould grieve us,
If the good ship that bore thee, departing were seen ;
Of thee we will cherish, till memory shall perish,
Bright visions, fair Marie of Ballyporeen.

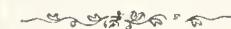
On the following morn the sunbeams shone on the venerable mansion as brightly as on the day of my departure. But my kind father? As loving children we strewed autumnal flowers on his grave.

FINIS.

THE DE BURGHOS.

A ROMANCE.

THE DE BURGHOS.



CHAPTER I.

“ Amid those groves I walk oft for my health,
And to the fishes, birds, and beasts give heed,
How they are fed in forest, spring, and lake,
And their contentment for ensam le take.”

Tasso.

ON the margin of a beautiful bay on the western coast of Ireland stands a castellated building, the central portion of which dates from the invasion of Strongbow, the remainder having been added in the course of successive centuries. Viewed from the sea the structure presents an imposing appearance, and conveys to the mind of the spectator ideas of the feudal power and grandeur that, no doubt, formerly attached to the ancient stronghold.

The prospect looking seaward from the castle is one of the finest in Ireland ; on the south-east and west the curved shore of the bay extends nearly thirty miles, terminating in a bold headland, over which the tops of distant mountains appear dimly visible ; on the north coast the vast Atlantic waves heave their swelling bosoms towards the sky, the hull of some distant vessel now appearing on their summits, and, as it were, sinking into the vast trough of the sea, then rising again slowly, and becoming for a moment visible upon the topmost surface of the wave. At sunset the view west-

ward across the wide expanse of waters present one of the most lovely scenes of nature ; the sun throwing a lurid ray across the bay, and lighting up the western slopes of the distant mountains, while the eastern acclivities are thrown into deep gloom, disappears for a short interval behind the intervening headland, and then apparently sets in the sea at its base, its glorious orb seeming to vanish gradually into an abyss, while the whole horizon is illuminated with the golden tinge of its declining beams.

At the rear of the building arise several rocky eminences covered with a natural growth of holly, hazel, and arbutus, and separated by deep grassy glades of the greenest verdure ; through one of these runs a brook of clear water, which, after falling over numerous small cascades, discharges itself into the sea a little northward of the castle ; through another glen, for nearly five miles, runs the winding road by which it is approached from the public highway.

The original fortalice, for such from its great strength and extent it certainly must have been in the earlier centuries of its existence, was erected on the extensive territories of the Desmonds, then the most powerful of the Irish chieftains, and was wrested from their grasp by the English invader, who granted it, with large adjacent territory, to the family of De Burgho, in whose possession it remained at the date of this narrative.

Deserted and in desolation as this ancient seat of the De Burghos appeared to be, there yet lingered about its precincts traces of civilized habitation. Shrubs not of indigenous origin, although uncultured and neglected, attested the fact that at no distant period some person of horticultural taste inhabited the castle ; while winding walks, garden flowers now grown wild, and disputing possession of the soil with

luxuriant weeds of every class, and curiously contrived grottos, adorned with shells and stones of quaint formation, give proof of feminine refinement, and a study of the pictur-esque not common in days when landscape gardening was in its earliest infancy.

My professional duties as an engineer and geologist had sometimes obliged me to visit this remote district, and as it was distant more than forty miles from the nearest town, I always came provided with a week's supply of necessaries, and occupied an apartment which I had, with the good will of the elderly *custodienne*, fitted up with the simplest furniture required for its occasional occupation. Six months had now elapsed since my last visit, and I had then left her alone in her solitary abode. The owner, Colonel De Burgho, she informed me, had not visited the castle for more than twenty years, and had gone abroad, leaving her in charge. A small monthly stipend was remitted to her through the parish priest, but she never expected, she said, to see her master again. My society relieved the monotony of her existence, and she always expected to "hear tell" of him on the recurrence of my visits.

I had formed the acquaintance of the agent of the estate in Dublin, but could never ascertain more from him than that the Colonel had lived abroad for many years, and had not intimated any intention of returning ; I was, therefore unable to gratify "Mary McGlone's" longing for news of her absent master.

Faithful Mary McGlone, how many long evenings have she and I sat upon the grass sward beneath the ivy-covered wall of the terrace in front of the castle, I listening while she recounted the ancient glories of the "ould De Burghos," as she fondly called them, and lamented their decadence

and the prolonged absence of the last of his race, for the Colonel had no sons, his wife having died young, leaving him the parent of two daughters, who Mary had never seen.

It was my custom, the massive door of the entrance hall having rusted on its hinges, to discharge my conveyance at the end of the terrace, and to carry my luggage to the door of Mary McGlone's apartment, which opened upon it. What was my surprise, on arriving at the castle one evening in the month of June, 186—, to hear the sound of a harpsichord, accompanied by the deep tones of a beautiful contralto ; I stopped, listened with rapt attention. The fair songstress suddenly ceased, but continued to draw from the harpsichord, the soft throbbing chords which, on that charming instrument, seem like distant music borne across the waters, as if the thoughts of the performer were far away in dreamland, communing with the spirit of melody, for that from such invisible source must emanate the enchanting improvisations with which some accomplished musicians delight their audiences, I cannot have a doubt. Suddenly the music ceased ; I stood some moments hesitating whether I should proceed or retrace my footsteps. It was evident that the long-wished-for owner had returned to the home of his ancestors, and motives of delicacy forbade me to intrude as an unbidden and, perhaps, unwelcome guest ; but I had dismissed my conveyance, night was approaching, and there was no other shelter to be obtained without walking several miles. I at length decided upon seeing my old friend Mary McGlone, and being guided by her advice ; I therefore proceeded to her hospitable domicile, where I found her, as usual busied with her domestic duties. She, to my great relief, expressed herself overjoyed to see me, and said that I would now be no longer her but the Colonel's

guest, and that he had desired her, should I arrive in his absence to make me welcome, and invite me to remain as long as suited my convenience.

“Although,” said she, “the Colonel has been so many years in foreign parts, his heart is Irish still. Neither he nor his forefathers ever shut the door against a stranger ; and, indeed, I have told him so much about your visits here that he does not look upon you as such, and longs, as he says to renew his acquaintance with you ; and, oh sir ! but the young ladies are born beauties ; the eldest is dark, like her father, and the youngest is fair, as her mother was ; and they are as good as they are beautiful ; but I will tell the Colonel that you have arrived.”

Going out upon the terrace, I was awaiting Mary’s return, when I saw approaching from its other extremity a middle-aged gentleman of military bearing, and two ladies. On my advancing to meet them Colonel De Burgho, holding out his hand, said,—

“We are delighted, Mr. Mervyn, to have the pleasure of your company ; allow me to introduce my daughters,—this is Norah, and this Kathleen.”

Thus hospitably welcomed, I expressed my sense of his great kindness to a stranger, and explained that I had for some years taken the liberty of paying an annual visit to his worthy representative, Mary McGlone, of whose carefulness and fidelity I expressed a high opinion.

“Yes” said Colonel De Burgho, “Mary is one of that class of faithful domestics now only to be found in rural districts, and attached to old families, in which they have been brought up. I have seen several of her class in the south of France, and also in Italy, but few or none in England ; contact with London and Parisian servants has effaced

those kindly feelings which once existed between the heads of families and their dependents, and formed one of the charms of country residence in England. All this is changed now ; servants object to long engagements, particularly females, whose minds are now entirely occupied, not with their duties, but with fashions in dress, chances of matrimony, and public amusements ; and they seem to have formed an opinion that those objects are best attained by frequent change of service. In passing through London, I wished to engage an attendant for my daughters, and, at my request, one of my tradesmen directed several applicants to call at my hotel ; their requirements and expectations, however, were so ridiculous that I failed to form any engagement. At length, one morning when I was out, a young person called ; my valet, in my absence, had an interview with her, and finding her testimonials good, and that she was satisfied with the wages offered, made an appointment to meet me on the following morning. She left, but in a few moments returned, and said,—

“ ‘ Your master and young ladies are in London now, but where is his family residence ? ’

“ ‘ In Ireland, miss,’ he replied.

“ ‘ Ireland ! the idea of my going to Ireland ! Why, my good man, did you not tell me this at once ? You’ve been deceiving me, and wasting my time. Ireland indeed ! ’ And off she went in great indignation.

“ My daughters, however, rejoiced that they did not import a servant of this class, as they have found an intelligent maiden here, a niece of Mary’s who they are educating as their attendant. But,” continued he, “ I have all this time been forgetting my duties as a host ; you have travelled far and must need refreshment ; dinner will be served in half-

an-hour. We dine early, and thus, if the evenings are fine, have time for a sail on the bay, or a stroll through the woods, afterwards."

"Thanks, Colonel," I replied ; "nothing could be more delightful, and from my former experience I think there will be a glorious sunset this evening."

We dined in an apartment with windows opening on the terrace, and I observed that Norah cast many a longing look over the boundless ocean. During dinner our conversation turned upon the antiquity of the castle, and the beauty of its vicinity, compared with the bleak desolation of the country surrounding.

Colonel De Durgho informed me that he had returned to his home about a month previously, having landed at Cork, and hired a small vessel to bring him round the coast ; that his arrival was not known in the county, and I had been, as yet, his only visitor.

"And, indeed," said he, "my nearest neighbour resides at twenty miles distance ; that is rather too far for visiting, and until I repair and furnish a few rooms in this delapidated abode, I fear I must deny myself and daughters the pleasure of female society. You I am aware, though not a soldier, belong to a kindred profession, and have been accustomed to campaigning ; you will, I know, excuse the somewhat rough bivouac we have to offer you."

I assured my kind host that my quarters were all that I could wish, and, stepping on the terrace, he observed,—

"This is an evening for a sail ; I will have the boat brought round the point, where she lies in a small natural harbour, and we can embark at the old jetty below the castle." And turning to his daughters, he said, "Bring your harp and guitar, my dears ; Mr. Mervyn, I am sure, is fond of music."

In a few minutes we were afloat in a well-appointed and capacious boat provided with comfortable seats for'ard. My host, having desired the boatman to await his return, we shoved off, and were soon sailing westward before a fresh though gentle breeze.

“Mr. Mervyn,” said my host, “I have always found that it detracts very much from the pleasure of a short boating excursion to have boatmen on board ; all free conversation is impossible before such auditors ; they misunderstand much that is said, and retail it with their own commentaries, laying the foundation among their class of the most absurd stories regarding the mode of life and conversation of their superiors. As I am an experienced sailor I can dispense with their services, and will hold the sheet and steer, if you will kindly keep a look-out ahead.”

As the nearest objects ahead were the beautiful forms of his lovely daughters, I said, with the greatest sincerity, that I should have much pleasure in complying with his wishes.

Norah and Kathleen were seated in the bow, and I, on the seat opposite, enjoyed the prospect exceedingly. To open the conversation I remarked,—

“This boat, I am sure, was not built or fitted on this coast.”

“No,” said my host, “I purchased her ready fitted out at Southampton, and brought her with me to Cork, whence she was towed here. My daughters and I have been so accustomed to sail about on the Mediterranean, that I knew we could not get on here without our favourite pastime ; we have enjoyed a sail almost every evening since we arrived.”

Our conversation then became general, Norah and Kathleen vying with their father in describing in glowing colours the beauty of the scenery on the Italian coast, and

their frequent excursions into the interior. "And yet," said they, "there is so much to interest and employ us here that we have never enjoyed ourselves more than since we arrived at home."

"Norah, my love," said Colonel DeBurgho, "we shall be almost becalmed for a few minutes, let us have a song."

Norah took her harp,—one of those small harps which, I think, are peculiar to Ireland,—and having attuned its strings, sang in the same deep contralto I had overheard on my arrival, and with a pathos and expression indescribable, the following song:—

"Speeding fleetly o'er the ocean
Sails the bark that bears my love ;
Waft him, winds, my soul's devotion,
Guard him, angels, with thy love ;
Fleetly speeding, guard my love.

Though the boundless sea, dividing,
Rolls between us, dearest love,
O'er its bosom swiftly gliding,
Hither, hither, comes my love ;
Hither, hither, comes my love.

See, oh see ! the good ship's nearing,
Her white wing spreads, like Noah's dove ;
My home the ark where he, endeared,
Shall rest, awearied,—oh my love !
Rest, awearied,—oh, my love."

The last notes of the refrain floated away seaward down the breeze, followed by the beautiful and expressive glance of the fair songstress, and methought I heard a gentle sigh accompany them to their wished-for destination. My host broke the silence by saying,—

“ Thank you, my dear, it is a very beautiful song.”

“ Mr. Mervyn,” said Kathleen, “ Mary tells us you are musical, and speaks in raptures of your violin playing ; I wish we had asked you to bring your instrument this evening,—we shall not forget to do so next time. But you sing, too, we are told ; will you favour us with a song ?”

Possessing a good baritone voice and a natural taste for music, I had cultivated the divine art with as much assiduity as my small opportunities allowed ; I at once, therefore, complied with Kathleen’s request by singing one of our national melodies, in which fair “ *Nora Creina*” figured very prominently, in a style that elicited very flattering encomiums from my audience.

The guitar was then produced, on which Kathleen played charming accompaniments, while she and Norah sang, at intervals, beautiful notturnos, barcarolles, and Sicilian duets, during which performances my host put the boat’s head shoreward, and we shortly landed, after enjoying the most delightful evening I had ever spent.

A light supper followed, enlivened by playful sallies between Mary and her “ *childer*,” as she familiarly called the sisters. The Colonel and I lighted cigars and walked on the terrace until darkness warned us that it was time to retire for the night.

CHAPTER II.

“Grave was the man in years, in looks, in word ;
His locks were grey, yet was his courage green ;
Of worth and might the noble badge he wore,
Old scars of grievous wounds received of yore.”

AFTER breakfast next morning Colonel De Burgho said,—

“I shall be glad, Mr. Mervyn, if you can place a day or two at my disposal ; I wish to consult you about my plans for the renovation of my long-deserted castle,—that is to say, I have as yet really formed no plans ; what I rather meant to propose was that we should inspect the premises, and the estate, which is very considerable in extent, and discuss together the best means of making the former habitable, and the latter more productive. From the experience I have gathered during my foreign residence, I am led to believe that much might be done to develop its resources—that, I think, is the correct phrase. As regards the building, it is so vast that to repair the whole of it would be an almost impossible task for a man of even the largest fortune to attempt ; but a judicious selection may be made, and as I now contemplate residing here for the remainder of my life, I cannot too soon mature some plan, and partially carry it out, before the winter sets in.”

I replied that nothing would give me greater pleasure than to assist him in giving effect to his views, and that as I had traversed every portion of the estate, I could, I felt confident, suggest several ways of improving its value, at no very considerable cost.

Thanking me for my compliance with his request, Colonel De Burgho said,

“ Well, then, we will spend to-day in inspecting the demesne attached to the castle ; it is, or was, some three thousand acres in extent, and my directions to my agent on leaving home were to keep it always in hand, which he writes me he has done, although he has latterly pressed me to let off some portions which could be profitably rented ; and, by the way,” said he, “ I may as well inform you at once of my position when I inherited the property, which forms but a fourth part of the possessions of my ancestors, and of my present hopes and expectations.

“ I was born here,” he continued, “ and was my father’s only child. My mother died in my infancy, and I may say my only early instructors were the good priest of the parish, and your friend, my former nurse, Mary McGlone, who under my mother’s auspices had, fortunately for me, received a better education than persons of her class generally acquire. All the knowledge these kind guardians of my youth possessed they imparted to me, and I grew up here, not well educated indeed, but not in absolute ignorance, till I had reached the years of manhood.

“ A place like this has great attractions for a youth of vigorous constitution and active proclivities. I enjoyed the sports of the field and the mode of life pursued by my father, whose house was always full of guests, to whom he dispensed liberally a rough but abundant hospitality. When I had almost reached my twenty-first birthday, and preparations were being made for celebrating my majority by the usual festivities, my dear father met with an accident in the hunting-field, from which he never rallied, and, after a few weeks’ severe suffering he died, leaving me sole

inheritor of a heavily encumbered estate and a dilapidated castle.

Having paid the last honours to his remains, I took counsel with some old friends of my family, and they advised me to sell so much of the property as would discharge the debt, which I very reluctantly agreed to do, as it involved parting with nearly three-fourths of it. When the sales were effected, I found myself owner of a vastly diminished rental and territory, but released from debt and the importunities of creditors, who had made my father's life miserable ; and also free to travel, and see the world while I was yet young.

I had reason, not many years afterwards, to congratulate myself on having taken this course, for, had I delayed, the great depreciation in the value of property, resulting from the famine of 1846, would have ruined me, as it did so many indebted proprietors ; what I sold realized good prices, and left me a respectable remnant of the ancestral estate intact.

“ While upon this topic,” continued the Colonel, “ I may as well observe that, in my opinion, no more cruel act of parliament ever passed the legislature than that called the ‘ Encumbered Estates Act,’ and none to which the aphorism ‘ *fiat experimentum in corpore vili* ’ more truly applies. Sir Robert Peel, no doubt, was a great statesman, but he was a man of apprehensive, nervous political temperament ; and indeed, all English statesmen of that era acted upon a ‘ panic view,’ both as regards free trade in corn, and Irish legislation ; both these measures were carried by an impulsive ‘ spurt.’ Against the principle of either I do not mean to argue ; but they should have been more prospective in their operation. As it was, the unfortunate Irish landlord

had at the same time to encounter the potatoe famine and a heavy depreciation in the price of grain and cattle ; the English markets, as the result of the sudden abolition of the corn duties, being at once deluged with unusually large importations of foreign produce. At this juncture, mortgages, influenced by panic and greed, suddenly foreclosed to an enormous extent, lodged petitions for sale, and hurried into the market millions of acres in the south and west of Ireland, which are bought up by land speculators, many of them the petitioning creditors, at half their value. Hundreds of the old families of the country were thus suddenly ousted and thrown upon the world without a shilling, and where they have all vanished to is incomprehensible.

“ Had the act been prospective, allowing some two or three years to elapse before becoming operative, many of these unfortunates would now be in my happier position, of having a portion of their estates left to them ; but the cry in parliament then was, ‘ Force the embarrassed proprietors to sell ; capitalists will buy them out, settle, improve the country, employ the people, and emigration will cease.’ This cry was irresistible, backed up as it was by the whole Manchester party, with Peel and Cobden at their head ; and many of the old Irish proprietors were swept away, unpitied and unwept. In some few instances capitalists did take their places, but by far the greater number of purchasers were speculators, who at once proceeded to clear the land of population, with the view of reselling at a profit, which many of them have since done.

“ Sir Robert Peel, as also those who succeeded him, I repeat, were impulsive, sensational legislators, as regarded their Irish measures, holding on to the last to an antiquated and unsound political economy, and then giving way in a

panic of demonstrative repentance—‘ coming down by the run,’ and ruining hundreds of the Irish aristocracy by their reckless precipitancy.”

“ Your strictures on their policy, Colonel,” said I, “ are very severe.”

“ Not a whit too severe,” he replied ; “ and the natural result will supervene—their example will be followed by other ‘ great statesmen ’ hereafter, and we shall have a crop of sensational, otherwise ‘exceptional,’ legislation for Ireland. Some of my own relatives were among the sufferers, and I feel so acutely on the subject, that you must pardon this long digression.

“ I will, now,” said Colonel De Burgho, “ continue my personal narrative. I was about to mention that I had formed an attachment to a young lady, the daughter of a gentleman in a neighbouring county. I was now free to marry, but I shrank from bringing my bride to a dilapidated home, which I had then not the means of restoring. After our marriage, which took place some months subsequent to my father’s death, I put the management of my property into the hands of a gentleman in Dublin, and we went abroad, determined to economize for a few years, and then return to our native country. After two years of unsullied happiness, I had the misfortune to lose my dear wife, who left me the father of the two daughters whose acquaintance you have made. I then conceived a repugnance to returning here as a widower, and, being resolved not to marry again, I decided to remain abroad and devote my attention to their education ; but, not wishing to be without occupation, I procured a commission in the Sardinian army, in which I served until I attained my present rank. Living in Italy is cheap, and as I invested my savings in some

profitable enterprises, I have succeeded in amassing a considerable fortune, part of which I propose to expend upon the restoration of a portion of the castle, and part upon the improvement of the estate. In carrying out these objects I should be glad to have your practical assistance, as my agent and adviser ; if you are free to accept an engagement of that nature, it will give me sincere pleasure ; if not, perhaps you will kindly advise me where to find a competent assistant."

I thanked Colonel De Burgho for his kind proposal, and said that I should be most happy to undertake the duties he wished, and, in fact, before our walk terminated, we concluded an engagement satisfactory to both.

We then returned homeward, dined, and walked in the evening for several hours, admiring the natural beauty of the extensive demesne, and projecting many changes, in which Nora and Kathleen also took a lively interest.

CHAPTER III.

“ Were not the lover 'mid his joys distressed
By that suspicious fear, that cruel care,
That martyrdom, which racks the suffering sprite,
That frenzied rage, which jealousy is hight.”

Aristo.

ON the following forenoon we made a close examination of the castle, the result of which was that a letter was despatched that evening to an eminent architect in Dublin, requesting his early attendance.

In the afternoon the Colonel and I continued our walk through the demesne occasionally sitting down to rest upon the trunk of some fallen tree, or moss-covered stone on the margin of the river ; selecting points commanding beautiful views of the stream and glen, through which it took its devious course. The water in the pools was as clear as crystal, and we could see the lively trout in great numbers disporting in their pellucid depths.

Seating himself under the shade of a venerable oak, my host requested me to take a seat at his side ; he then said,—

“ You have now, Mr. Mervyn, become almost a member of my family ; and living, as I hope we shall do, upon the most familiar and confidential terms, I think it right to mention that my daughter Norah has, of late, become an object of great solicitude to me. During a visit to Genoa last summer we formed the acquaintance of an Italian nobleman, Count Albano, a young man of handsome person and pleasing address. He is the owner of a beautiful yacht, the

fastest sailer in the Mediterranean, and which generally lay at anchor in a small bay formed by the promontory of Porto Fino, within gunshot of an ancient castle, somewhat resembling mine in extent and ruinous condition. We visited it several times during our stay at Genoa, sailing thither in his yacht when the wind served ; or driving along the beautiful shores of the gulf. A very small portion of the castle was habitable, and our friend informed me that his family resided in one of the Grecian islands, and had not visited Porto Fino for many years.

“Continental society,” he continued, “is such that it is impossible to satisfy oneself as to the antecedents of all the acquaintances one forms. We met Count Albano in the best society in Genoa, and also at Civita Vecchia, Naples, and other places on the coast, and as we moved along it during our tour ; and, in fact, if the Count’s yacht had been fitted up, as such vessels usually are, we probably should have spent more time at sea than on land ; but, although over one hundred tons burden, she had only one small cabin for the owner, and seemed to have been designed for his exclusive enjoyment. The Count and his yacht occasionally disappeared for a few days, but he always returned and renewed his assiduous attentions to Norah. It is impossible to deny that he is an attractive person, and equally impossible to overlook the fact, which I now regret, that she was allowed to spend more time in his society than, perhaps, was prudent on my part ; the result is that she became deeply attached to him, and on his proposing an engagement, and acquainting me of their mutual affection, I thought it my duty to speak frankly my sentiments. I told him that I was about to return to Ireland, and that, although I would prefer that my daughter should not marry in a foreign country, yet if he

could satisfy me that his fortune was sufficiently ample to justify my approval of his union with Norah I would endeavor to overcome any scruples of that nature. He assured me that, although not wealthy, his income was such as enabled him to aspire to her hand, of which he would give me ample proof ; and we parted with the understanding that a year should elapse before the marriage would take place, and that he was to visit us here this summer ; in fact," said my host, " I expect to see his yacht the 'Gulnare,' anchor in the bay at any moment, as Norah wrote to inform him of our arrival, and of the difficulty of approach by land."

I thanked Colonel De Burgho for the confidence he had shown by making this communication to me ; and, although my heart beat quickly during its recital, and I felt a jealous pang of disappointment at finding that Norah's affections were pre-occupied, I, hypocrite that I was, calmly expressed a hope that nothing would occur to prevent the realization of her anticipated happiness.

" We must never reckon over confidently in these matters, Mervyn," he replied. " I am bound to return the Count's hospitality ; but I certainly will not consent to take him as my son-in-law unless he gives me ample evidence of his ability to support my darling Norah in the rank in society to which she belongs. The British consul at Livorno is an old friend of mine, and I shall require that the promised proofs shall be pronounced satisfactory by him ; in the meantime, I have made you acquainted with the present position of matters, and we must await the *denouement* with patience. Of one thing I am assured—Norah is a dutiful and affectionate daughter, and has promised me that she will never marry Count Albano without my consent.

Here was a feeble gleam of hope for me, and I resolved

to keep a guard upon my feelings, but at the same time, to watch closely the proceedings of my rival, who, I felt convinced, would turn out a villain of the deepest dye.

How true the proverb

“Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmation strong
As proof of holy writ.”

I found myself already selfishly gloating over the satisfaction and triumph I should feel in detecting and exposing this, I felt certain, vile impostor, who had dared to aspire to the hand of my beautiful Norah. I never for a moment thought of the pain and sorrow she would naturally suffer ; and I vowed to subject his every action to such a microscopic scrutiny as would infallibly pierce through the mystery surrounding his character and real position.

Colonel De Burgho arose from his seat and we continued our walk. I observed that the extensive plantations had been entirely neglected, and that they contained a vast quantity of valuable timber which should be at once removed for the sake of those selected to remain.

“Yes,” said he, “I quite agree with you ; the only prudent thing my father ever did, although not done with a view to profit, but for the encouragement of game, was to plant a great portion of this demesne, and I, during the famine years, authorized my agent to expend the entire rental in additional planting, in order to give employment to the starving population. The result is that there are now several hundred acres of marketable timber ; but the difficulty is to get it to market.”

I pointed out that as he contemplated considerable outlay upon the castle and estate the most profitable mode

of transport would be to purchase two small coasting vessels, and to cut and convey the timber to the water's edge, ready for shipment to Cork and other ports where there was a good demand ; the vessels bringing back the foreign timber, slates, etc., required for his purposes. Land carriage for either being quite impracticable ; this suggestion Colonel De Burgho at once approved.

“ Have you not observed,” I continued, “ that the culture of timber is very badly understood in Ireland ; the practice is to plant out a quantity of mixed seedlings, and give them no attention till about ten or twelve years old ; by that time, air and light being totally excluded by the close growth, the fir tribe, shooting up as close as the teeth in a comb, will have completely out-topped and destroyed the oak, ash, and other hard wood ; and when a feeble thinning is then attempted, such of the latter as may have survived will be found to have run up into long, twisted, useless sticks, without holes or branches, and, in fact, past recovery by any process of wood-craft. I have been amazed at the stolidity of many owners of extensive growing plantations in Ireland who cannot see the necessity for giving air, light, and space to young timber by thinning out at the proper time, just as they thin their turnips and other roots.”

“ You are right, Mervyn,” said the Colonel. “ I fear my plantations, owing to my absence, have suffered in the way you mention ; indeed, I had observed it myself before you arrived, and we must apply the axe vigorously and at once.”

In discussing this and other matters connected with the interesting science of wood-craft, we arrived at the castle in good time for our afternoon meal, and spent another delightful evening, as before, in sailing on the bay.

CHAPTER IV.

“Hope, like the glimmering taper’s light,
Adorns and cheers the way,
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.”

Goldsmith.

THE weather had hitherto been mild and calm. This frequently happens in summer on the west coast of Ireland, and is apparently vouchsafed as a compensation for the dreary days of storm and fog that prevail through the winter months. A week had elapsed since my arrival, during which my intimacy with my host’s beautiful daughter increased daily. Colonel De Burgho and I occupied the greater part of our time in inspecting the grounds and estate, and in devising plans for their improvement; my professional skill and practical knowledge of the country here came to his assistance. He had been a keen observer of the most improved modes of agriculture in Italy and the south of France, and many of his suggestions were admirable, but required for their successful adoption the mechanical knowledge with which I was so conversant. We agreed that the wiser course would be to sketch the whole “campaign”—the Colonel always used military terms when relevant—and carry out the subsequent “movements” when it was complete. “Better,” he said, “lay siege to one difficulty at a time; we will batter away at and ‘reduce’ the most important outposts first, and then cut up the enemy in detail; let us first direct our full force upon the salient

points,—you see I have studied the art of war," which indeed he had not only done but had also distinguished himself highly in the Sardinian service, as his numerous medals and decorations well testified.

I had obtained maps of the estate, over which we had ridden or walked during the week, and on the day at which I have now arrived had completed a rough plan of the "campaign," upon which we adjourned to dine, and take our boating excursion as usual. The evening was beautiful, a gentle breeze rippling the waters, just sufficient to impel our boat upon an almost even keel. Norah and Kathleen were in high spirits, and the Colonel and I, after a close day's work, felt the delicious languor that accompanies the well earned repose of men who have toiled mentally or physically during the day.

Ye dwellers in cities, how are you not to be commiserated —who have never enjoyed the agreeable sensations experienced by the weary sportsman after a day's hunting or constant walking over bogs and moors, the luxury of a "tub," of change of garments, of the preprandial glass of old brown sherry, the comfortable meal, the glowing wood fire, and bottle of generous Lafitte ; the lounge upon a sofa, with the fragrant mocha and mature havannah at hand ; the game of whist or chess, the dressing-gown stage of toddy and a pipe ; and then the arms of Morpheus, most benignant of the gods ! He who has not experienced all this has not lived ; he may have existed—so do moles, toads, and oysters ; but that is not *life*.

We had sailed out some four or five miles westward from the shore, when I, who always occupied my seat as "look out," and was enjoying my privilege as usual, observed the topmast of a vessel just rounding the headland. On she

came, sailing with snowy wings as stately as a wan, until her hull was visible round its point. The words “There is that infernal ‘Gulnare !’” were on my lips ; fortunately, I restrained myself in time. I directed Norah’s attention to the beautiful vessel ; instantly she exclaimed,—

“Oh, papa, give me the glass,” which I was obliged to pass from the stern and hand to her. “Oh, Kathleen !” she said, after looking intently through it for a few seconds, “it is the ‘Gulnare,’—I know the long red pendant from the topmast. Oh, how lovely she looks !”

And so I must admit she did, though, at the moment, I was wicked enough to wish that she might run upon the long reef of “pots” submerged at high water, and running out to sea for nearly a mile. It was evident, however, that she had some pilot on board well acquainted with the coast, for he gave the headland a wide berth, and stood well out into the bay for a fresh tack, which would bring the yacht to moorings opposite the castle.

“My dears,” said Colonel De Burgho, “if you think it is the ‘Gulnare’ we had better ‘bout the ship,’ and return to prepare for the reception of our guest ; with this wind we shall be more than an hour before we ground keel, and I think I see a six-oared boat putting off from the yacht, which will soon overtake us ; no doubt the Count has been informed that he will reach the castle sooner by rowing across the bay than by tacking about in this dull breeze, and with an ebb tide.”

“Oh, it is the ‘Gulnare,’ papa !” said Norah. “I would know her among a thousand ships, by her tapering masts, spread of canvas, and long, low hull.”

“Well my dear,” said the Colonel, “I think you are right ; at all events it is time to return,” and he turned the boat’s head shoreward.

This change of position gave Norah a clear view of the yacht, almost right astern, and of the boat which had just been lowered from her side ; she took the glass again, and, fixing it on the latter, said,—

“ How quick they row,—the oars scarcely seem to touch the water.”

Laying down the glass she took her sister’s hand, as she thought unseen by me, and her beautiful face became suffused with blushes as she hummed the air she had sung on the first night of my arrival ; the words of the refrain, “ my love, my love,” scarcely louder than a whisper, reached my ear. I felt my heart-strings tighten with suppressed excitement—I could not articulate ; I knew that my eyes looked green, and that my face was pale, for all my blood ran turbulently to the region of the heart, and was quickening its pulsation at a fearful pace. Norah’s eyes were still fixed upon the ast-pursuing boat, when Kathleen, kind soul ! perceiving and, I believe, suspecting the cause of, my confusion, leaned forward, so as to conceal my face from her sister’s gaze and said,—

“ You are lightly clad, Mr. Mervyn, and look cold ; take this shawl, I am not using it, and the evening air is getting chill.”

I gave her a grateful glance, for as yet I had not sufficiently mastered my emotion to speak my thanks. At this critical moment there suddenly burst from the side of the yacht a lurid glare of fire, and in a few seconds the boom of a small cannon came across the sea, and reverberated among the walls of the castle and the adjoining hills.

“ ’Tis the evening gun,” said Norah ; “ you remember, papa, how the ‘ Gulnare ’ always fired a gun at sunset. I suppose it is meant as a signal to us.”

“No doubt it is,” said Kathleen, “and I think our friend the Count will reach the shore as soon as we shall, for his boat seems to be flying across the water like an albatross.”

I had by this time recovered my composure, and began to busy myself with the boat hook and other preparations for landing. We had scarcely arrived at the quay and given our boat in charge of its custodian, when the Count’s pinnace pulled alongside, and he, jumping ashore, threw his arms round Colonel De Burgho, and saluted him on both cheeks, exclaiming, “*Carissimo amico.*”

“Welcome, Count,” said the Colonel; “we have been expecting your arrival some days.”

The Count then turned to Norah and Kathleen, and shook hands warmly with both, bowing low to the former, and returning her expressive glance with one equally significant.

I was introduced as the “Signor Mervyn,” and we all walked leisurely towards the castle. The Counts valise was landed, and the pinnace rowed off to meet the yacht, now just coming to an anchor at about a mile distant. I walked moodily and silently along in the rear of the party, the demon of jealousy gnawing at my heart; new fuel was thrown upon the flame by the fact that this hated foreigner conversed in Italian. I did not reflect that it was his native tongue. I afterwards found that he was an accomplished linguist, as all his seafaring countrymen are, speaking French, Spanish, Turkish, and modern Greek, like natives; but my only thought at the moment was that he could converse with Norah in a language I could not understand. On that evening I purloined an Italian grammar, and spent several hours every night during his stay in clandestinely mastering colloquial phrases, and it was amazing how jealousy assisted

and stimulated my studies. In a fortnight I could hold a conversation with Kathleen, who innocently took an interest in instructing me how to translate an architectural work in that language.

Our days were spent as usual, the Colonel and I occupying the forenoon in business, while the Count visited his vessel daily, and in the evening we took long walks in the demesne, I always being one of the party ; but my seat in the boat being now occupied by the Count, I ceased to accompany the boating excursions, and on those occasions I sauntered through the grounds and along the shore, animated with no very friendly feelings towards that favoured individual.

I walked one evening in a little cove to the northward of the castle, when a sailor, one of the Count's crew, who had been lying on the sward, with a small bundle at his side, rose up and addressed me in a strong Irish brogue. I had been under the impression that all his men were foreigners, and this man was as sunburnt and rover-like as the rest. There could be no mistake, however, as to the place of his nativity, his salutation of " yer honour," being the usual one on that part of the coast. On further conversation he informed me that he had been in " furrin parts " for several years, and having lately heard at Genoa that the "Gulnare" was bound for England, he had offered his services, and had shipped as an able seaman, for the summer's cruising. He it was who had piloted her safe round the treacherous "pots" at the headland and brought her to a safe anchorage ; he had, he told me, when a boy, fished the whole coast north and south of the bay for fifty miles. He had now received a week's leave, and was going to visit the "ould modther," who lived some twenty miles north, and hoped to see me on his return.

“They’re a quare set aboord,” he said ; “but the pay’s good, an’ I wanted to see the ould modther afore she dois, so I shipped wid him ; but”—here he winked knowingly—“I’m not shure that I’ll stop wid him beyont the toime I’m bound to ; av I can be of any sarvice to yer honour, yev only to give me the wink, for all me forebearers lived for ginerations anunder the Colonel’s ; we wos sould to stranghers, but God be wid the ould toims when the De Burghos owned us !”

I saw at once what a valuable ally my friend “Dinnis,” as he pronounced his patronymic, might prove to me ; so, giving him a sovereign, I wished him good speed, and appointed to meet him at the same place on his return.

“It’s handy, yer honour, ye’ll obsarve” said he, “for it’s out o’ the sight o’ the castle, and o’ the vesshel too.”

It was evident to me that Dennis had his suspicions, but of what nature they were I did not think it prudent to inquire upon so short an acquaintance, thinking it better to await the progress of events..

CHAPTER V.

“ All seems infected to th’ infected spy.
As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye.”—*Pope*.

ABOUT a week subsequent to Count Albano’s arrival, Colonel De Burgho after breakfast one morning invited me to walk with him on the terrace ; he then told me that the Count had on the previous evening expressed a wish to have an interview with him, and that the hour appointed had almost arrived.

“ I shall not, Mr. Mervyn,” said he, “ be able to give my attention to our plans until the afternoon, when, if you will meet me, we will resume their consideration.”

At the appointed hour the Colonel entered the library, and addressing me said,—

“ Well, Mervyn, I have had a long interview with the Count ; he has produced to me the title deeds of his estate, which appear to be very satisfactory, as far as I can judge, but as they are written in Italian law characters I can form no decided opinion about them ; and I have told the Count that I will refer them to my lawyer in Dublin, stating that he must not expect dispatch, as all lawyers, particularly Irish lawyers, are proverbially slow in their movements. What, however, I really intend to do is to send the papers to an old friend of mine who is consul at Livorno ; I will request him to go to Genoa and submit them to the most eminent notary of that city, instructing him to subject

them to the closest scrutiny. I shall write fully all the circumstances of the case to my friend, for his guidance ; and while I am doing so, perhaps you will kindly arrange to have a man and horse ready to take the dispatch to the post office at——, where, I calculate, he may arrive in time to catch the mail to Dublin, and so save a day, which is of importance in this business.”

I retired to make the arrangement requested, and after an interval of an hour, on re-entering the library, found the Colonel sealing a large packet, which he informed me, contained the Count’s title deeds.

“ Mervyn,” he said, “ here is the packet ; I have addressed it to a friend at the Foreign Office, who will re-address it to my friend at Livorno ; he will send it out in the Foreign Office bag to Naples, requesting some official there to forward it ; this mode of conveyance will be more expeditious than the ordinary mails. I have also written to my friend at Livorno to return the papers by the same route ; thus I have done all in my power to secure speed, and nothing remains but to send the messenger off without delay, and await my friend’s reply, which we may hope to have in about three weeks.”

Having dispatched the messenger we resumed our business avocations, and for some days the Colonel and I were closely occupied in maturing our plans and arranging for “ opening the trenches.”

Although so much of my time was now engrossed by my new duties, I had sufficient opportunity of studying the character and personal appearance of my rival, for such I persisted in considering him.

In person Count Albano was above the average height, but his carriage was not good or graceful ; his shoulders in-

clined to roundness, and he walked with a slight stoop ; his hair was dark as the raven's wing, but had a rough and unkempt appearance ; his forehead was low, his nose and chin well cut, but not of classical mould ; his mouth and teeth were invisible, for he was "bearded like a pard ;" his complexion was pale, and this circumstance led me to conclude that he was deficient in "pluck ;" his eyes were dark, almost black, but they had a dull leaden look, without expression—in fact, they were the eyes of a snake ; and he had the disagreeable peculiarity of not looking you straight in the face. On entering a room, or approaching to salute you at any time, he had a habit of making several short quick steps forward with his head down, as if he were about to butt you with it in the breast, a mode of fighting common in some of the western counties of England. On his approach I always felt inclined to jump aside and evade the threatened ram-like thrust ; but his most repulsive peculiarity was his laugh—short, sneering, and supercilious, a sort of mocking cachinnation, like the laugh of a hyena. His feet were of moderate size, but his hands were large and ill-formed ; his manners were tolerably good, and I presume his conversation was that of a gentleman ; of this I could not judge, as he always conversed in Italian ; but I more than once observed both the Colonel and Kathleen exchange glances when the Count made some hasty observation, particularly when at cards, as if they had observed some breach of good breeding ; and, at the same time, a tell-tale blush would suffuse Norah's generally pallid countenance.

One accomplishment the Count certainly possessed—he sang beautifully ; even I, though prejudiced against him, could not but admit this. Since his arrival I had ceased to

contribute to the vocal amusement of the evening. I could not, as yet, venture to sing Italian ; so, during his stay, I determined to restrict my contribution towards the divine art to performing upon the violin, on which I was without a rival, and knew that I was fairly proficient.

Colonel De Burgho had been, in early life, an athlete of no mean power, and possessed an excellent armoury, with all the usual appurtenances of a private gymnasium. For the purpose of testing the Count's accomplishments of this nature I suggested to the Colonel that we should devote an hour each afternoon to shooting with the rifle and pistol, with broadsword, and other exercises. The old soldier at once approved the proposition, and a deserted court of the castle, in which was a daisy-covered sward, was selected as most suitable for our purpose ; thither we repaired every afternoon, and contested at quoits, whirling the clubs, putting the stone, pitching the bar, rifle and pistol firing at targets, and similar exercises, at all of which I proved myself immeasurably the Count's superior. With the gloves he was nowhere at all ; relying on the paleness of his complexion, which, I had somewhere read, is generally supposed to be allied to cowardice, I used to hit out straight at his eyes, and it was amusing to see him duck his head to evade the blow. The spectators on these occasions were the workmen employed about the castle, and when the gloves were brought out they always advised me to " be tinder wid the furrin gentleman, Mr. Mervyn, now, or ye'll knock him intil the middle o' next week."

The only weapons in the use of which the Count was my superior were the broadsword and cutlass. The use of these he had evidently been taught when in the navy. I therefore privately practised the sword exercise daily with the

Count's valet, an old cavalry soldier, who taught me several cuts, thrusts, and parries, and I was becoming rapidly skilled in their use.

It will be evident that I had studied the Count's personal peculiarities and character closely ; in fact, my repugnance towards him increased as time elapsed. On his first arrival I had thought him an attractive person, but my opinion had, in the interval, undergone very considerable change ; I could not divest myself of the idea that his intentions were of a sinister nature, and that I should, before long, have to do battle with him for my love. In this expectation I daily practised every athletic exercise in my power, and found myself quickly getting into the most perfect "form."

CHAPTER VI.

“ Fly swift, ye hours, ye sluggish minutes, fly ;
Bring back my love, or let her lover die.”—*Duke.*

A FORTNIGHT had now elapsed since the despatch of the Colonel’s missive, and he expected to have a reply in about another week ; he apologized for the delay caused by his lawyer, whose movements, he told the Count, were always of the most leisurely nature. Day after day passed as before, the only variation in our boating arrangements being that the Count had brought from the yacht a small boat, called a “ dingy,” capable of containing two persons only ; I was therefore able to resume my seat in the Colonel’s boat, but though Kathleen was both intelligent and agreeable, my attraction was gone.

In this small boat the Count and Norah spent the greater part of each evening, rowing about close to the shore, but not venturing farther north than the low promontory or point of land which sheltered the bay on that side. The “Gulnare” lay at anchor in the bay, shifting her position with the tide only, and was visited daily by her owner. I observed one day that the snowy-white sails which she carried on her arrival had been replaced by others of a dark brown colour, and on asking the Count the reason of the change he replied that he sometimes went on fishing excursions for a week or two in the Mediterranean, and always put aside the white clothing on these occasions, to save wear

and tear, as it was much more expensive than the dark, and, having to be imported from England, was more difficult to replace. This explanation appeared so satisfactory that I dismissed the subject from my thoughts.

The day of my appointment with Dennis had now come round, and, having requested my host to excuse my absence from that evening's excursion, I repaired to the place of rendezvous, where I found him waiting me. He told me that the "ould modther" was "as frish as a daisy," and that he had provided for her comfort during the winter. He had not, he said, been as yet on board the yacht, and was awaiting the pinnace, which came ashore every evening for water, and would arrive in less than an hour. He had observed the change of canvass, and said,—

"Yer honour, he's for goin' soon ; thim's the sails we came over wid as far as Queenstown, where we bint the white ones ; the brown's the strongest, and bist for a long voyage ; an' that's what's up."

I told Dennis that for reasons of my own I was anxious to know her destination when she sailed, and having satisfied myself that he could write legibly, I gave him an envelope, with a card and pencil enclosed, and we arranged that in case of the "Gulnare's" sudden departure he should write the name of the port on it, and leave it in a place of concealment which we selected.

"I can asily do that, yer honour," said he ; she can't sail widout wather ; I'll try to find out where she's bound for, an' iv I see the casks goin' ashore I'll offer to go an' help to fill thim, an' I'll lave the litter where we've sittled."

"Now, Dennis," said I, "when the 'Gulnare' arrives at the port she sails for, if you can manage to go ashore and leave another letter for me at the office of the British consul,

to let me know where she has next sailed to, it is just possible that you may do me and your old landlord, the Colonel, a good service, and if nothing comes of it I'll expect to see you always when you come home."

"Long life to yer honor," he replied, "I'll do yer biddin'."

"There's just one thing more," I continued; "be careful about talking to the Count or the mate, and never mention my name, for somehow he and I are not very warm friends, and if he knew of our acquaintance it might do you no good."

"Is't me, yer honour,—catch a wasil asleep—an', begorra, what's more, av it worn't for a notion I have that I may be able to sarve the ould masther and yerself an' thim swate lovely young ladies, I'd give the Count leg-bail, an' niver set a foot aboard his vesshel agin; but yer honour," said he, "I see the boat comin' off for wather; the well's close by here, an' you'd better be off, for she'll soon be roun' the point."

I took leave of Dennis warmly, offering him a couple of sovereigns, which he rejected with great disdain.

"I took the goold last toime," said he, "bekase I wanted it for the ould modther; but it's not for pay I'm goin' to sarve yez,—it's for the sake o' the ould days afore the Colonel sowld us—but I'm tould he couldn't help it, and maybe he'll buy us agin yit."

I then retreated, and not a moment too soon, for the pinnace's bow was just rounding the point, and I had to run quickly to keep out of sight of her keen-eyed crew.

After an evening spent in our customary agreeable manner, as we rose to retire, Colonel De Burgho said,—

"I think, Count, I may expect to receive your papers in a day or two, and, by the way, while I think of it, I see some signs of a change of weather; when the wind blows from the west there is a heavy ground swell in this bay, and I should

recommend you to moor your vessel in a more sheltered position."

"Thanks, Colonel De Burgho," the Count replied ; "but the fishermen here tell my crew that if there be any change the wind will be more off shore than at present, and that is just what I should like."

"Well," said the Colonel, "I hope they are right, for if it be otherwise our boating excursion must be discontinued for the present."

The Count and the fishermen were right ; during the night the wind shifted to nearly due east, and though there was more sea outside the bay, the latter was as calm as a lake.

That afternoon the "Gulnare" lay at her moorings, with her bows toward shore, and her sails, which had been drying all day, loosely flapping to the breeze ; towards evening the tide turned and was ebbing rapidly, when I, while on my way to the place where I had met Dennis, saw the "dingy" with the Count and Norah, as usual on board, paddling slowly toward the point on the north of the bay ; when nearing it the pinnace put off, and on meeting the "dingy" took it in tow and pulled rapidly for the yacht ; I saw Norah carried on deck, and at the same moment heard the "click" of the windlass, and saw the anchor "at'rip." I saw them getting the mainsail 'on her, and the jib stopped out ; the foresail was run up, sheets let draw, and the beautiful vessel paid gracefully off, and, rapidly gathering headway, left her moorings under a cloud of canvas. I rushed to the place of concealment, found the envelope which Dennis had left, put it unopened into my pocket, and ran at my utmost speed homeward ; but before I could reach the Castle the "Gulnare" was rapidly disappearing in the twilight gloom.

I sought Colonel De Burgho in the library, and found him

opening a large packet, which he said had just arrived by post.

“Here,” he said, “are, no doubt, the Count’s papers returned ; let us see what my friend’s dispatch contains.”

“Colonel,” I replied, “I grieve to say that a more urgent matter now requires your instant attention.”

I then briefly and rapidly told him what had taken place, and shall never forget the look of blank dismay and despair which overspread his countenance ; he groaned aloud, and covering his face with his hands, exclaimed,—

“I have been much to blame, Mervyn, in this business ; my affection for Norah, and my desire to gratify her wish, has blinded me to the risk I was incurring in permitting the advances of a total stranger ; but this is no time for vain regrets, but for action ; what is to be done ?”

“The Count, sir,” I said, “must be pursued without a moment’s delay. I believe I know his destination.”

I then opened the envelope left by Dennis, which contained only one word—“Naypils,” and explained to Colonel De Burgho that, having latterly felt uneasy, I had secured the aid of Dennis in case of need.

“You have secured a most valuable and faithful ally,” he replied. “I know the man’s family well ; they were tenants on the estate I was obliged to sell, for hundred of years, and I have the utmost reliance on the fidelity of your friend. Providence surely placed him in your way. You have shown great forethought and judgment in what you have done, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart.”

I could not then tell Colonel De Burgho how deep and intense a feeling had urged me to watchfulness, and simply said,—

“I have endeavoured to do my duty, sir ; the safety

of any member of your family must be a matter of much concern to me."

"Thank you, Mervyn," he replied; "you have testified by your conduct and activity the warmth of your friendship; but let us examine the dispatch before we determine upon any course; perhaps it may throw some light upon this painful subject."

As I saw that the Colonel, although bearing up against this terrible blow with the manly fortitude of a soldier, was suffering intense anguish, I volunteered to read the dispatch, an offer for which he thanked me heartily. The packet contained the Count's title deeds, and a long letter, which was as follows:—

LIVORNO, August, 186—.

"DEAR FRIEND,—

"On receipt of your letter and enclosure I went at once to Genoa, and retained the services of the principal notary there. I am sorry to say that I fear what I have to communicate will cause you much anxiety.

"Your friend, Count Albano, is a Count; that is to say, he some two years ago purchased at Rome a patent of nobility, which you are aware is, in this country, granted without much, or any, scrutiny into the antecedents of the applicant. He is the son of a former intendant of the Duke of Medina Sidonia, and was brought up and educated with the Duke's sons, in whose society he no doubt acquired the manner and accomplishments of which you speak. Some eight years ago, when about seventeen, the Duke's interest procured for him a commission in the Italian navy, in which he served for three years, and was then cashiered for complicity in a duel, to which was attached suspicion

of foul play. His father dying about this time, he became possessed of a considerable sum of money, with part of which he purchased the yacht you mention, and equipped her at a large expense. She is considered, and indeed has proved herself to be the fastest sailer in these seas ; she carries a small gun at the bow ; and is also, I find, fitted for carrying a long stern chaser, which, however, is never mounted when the yacht is on this coast, but is supposed to be shipped and unshipped elsewhere. Rumour says that the Count has some other place of abode in the Grecian Islands, besides his castle at Porto Fino, which, by the way, is not his property, as alleged, but is merely rented for a trifling sum, the place having a bad reputation as the resort of banditti and smugglers.

“The notary has examined the papers you sent, and which are returned ; he states that they are all properly and officially drawn up, attested, and registered ; but, on enquiry, we find that the estates named in them have no existence except on paper ; there are no such places as those mentioned, except Porto Fino, and the deeds are entirely fictitious.

“With this money and accomplishments it was not difficult for the Count to get into society in this country, and the possession of a crack yacht assisted him in this ; but of late he had become suspected of piracy on the high seas. No absolute proof could be obtained, but the numbers of his crew, their character, and the equipment of the yacht, attracted the attention of the naval department. Some months ago the topmast of a sunken vessel was observed in the bay of Talona ; divers were employed, and they reported that the vessel had evidently been scuttled ; every article of value in the cabins having been removed ; and that, horrible

to relate, the bodies of the captain and crew, six in number, were found manacled in the hold, leading to the conclusion that they had been deliberately sunk with the vessel. A strict watch was kept upon the "Gulnare," but her sailing qualities enabled her to distance all companions, and no evidence of her piratical pursuit could be procured. About a month ago she disappeared from this coast, and was not heard of until I received your letter.

"I am sorry to have to make such an alarming report regarding your friend ; and, in addition, I must mention that about two years ago, while his yacht was lying in the gulf of Salerno, a young lady to whom he had been paying attentions suddenly disappeared, and has never been heard of since ; so that you will do well to watch closely the proceedings of this adventurer, if not pirate, while in your vicinity, for there can be little doubt that he carried off the young lady in question.

"I need not say that if I can be of any further use in this matter, do not scruple to call upon me, as nothing in this world will give me greater pleasure than to be of service to so old and valued a friend."

"There is no doubt, Mervyn," said Colonel De Burgho, "that I have been outwitted by a most consummate scoundrel, and have not a moment to lose in pursuing him, and rescuing Norah. Fast as is his yacht, steam and rail are equally so ; and if we can only ascertain where he has carried her to, I have strong hopes of success ; but I must leave at once—I will go and communicate to Kathleen what you have told me. I fear she will be deeply grieved, for more attached sisters could not exist. As I must travel with such speed, I cannot think of being encumbered by taking her with me, and I shall leave her in Mary's care

during my absence, and leave everything here in your charge.” “Colonel,” said I, “it is my duty to obey your instructions, but I have the strongest repugnance to allowing you to start upon this dangerous mission alone—for dangerous I fear it will prove. It would, in my opinion, be impossible for any one man to accomplish, unassisted, the rescue of your daughter, and I shall feel deeply grieved if you refuse me the privilege of accompanying you ; indeed, to speak the truth, I fear that any injunction laid upon me to remain here would soon be disregarded, as I should feel miserable, and a coward, in staying behind when I felt, as I should daily and nightly feel, that you were incurring danger alone. You will excuse me, Colonel,” I continued, “but if you do not grant me the favour of going with you, I will on the spot resign my position as your agent, and shall then be free to volunteer my assistance.”

“ You have already, Mervyn, acted so judiciously,” said the Colonel, “ that I cannot refuse what you ask ; and I feel, indeed, that the assistance of a younger man than myself is a necessity in this case ; therefore we may consider the matter settled.”

Kathleen’s grief was, as her father expected, pitiable to witness ; she pleaded earnestly to be allowed to accompany us, but the Colonel was inexorable.

“ My dear,” he said, “ Mr. Mervyn and I will travel day and night continuously for at least ten days ; it is impossible that you could undergo such fatigue ; you will remain here, and I trust we shall soon return with our lost dove. Employ yourself at once in assisting us in preparations for our departure ; for we must leave at daylight to-morrow, in order to reach Dublin in time for the sailing of the mail boat from Kingstown.”

Exacting from me a promise that I would write at every opportunity, and inform her of our progress, and of her father's state of health, Kathleen submitted to his wishes, and retired to assist Mary in her anxious efforts to provide for the Colonel's wants during the journey.

"Now, Mervyn," said he, "let us go to the library ; I have fortunately preserved some continental itineraries, and we will sketch out our course ; it will save us much trouble, and many inquiries on our journey, for which we should not have time."

We spent an hour in examining these, and wrote down our "route" with military precision ; which precaution, we afterwards found, expedited our progress by at least a day.

CHAPTER VII.

“I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have.”—*Shakespeare*.

WE started at the earliest dawn of day, and reached Dublin just in time to catch the mail train to Kingstown. It was absolutely necessary, Colonel De Burgho said, to stay one day in London, in order to provide funds for our travelling expenses and procure passports; but, beyond this, there would be no further delay. We could do nothing whatever until our arrival at Naples, and, aware of the necessity for husbanding our strength, we sought some repose, which, indeed, was necessary after our long and fatiguing travel during the day. We arrived in London early on the following morning, and after refreshment Colonel De Burgho repaired to his bankers, and to the office where passports were obtainable, while I sallied forth in quest of weapons of the kind I thought requisite for our undertaking. I purchased three revolvers and as many daggers, calculating that I might be so fortunate as to find my friend Dennis somewhere on the Italian coast, in which case I knew that his services would be at our disposal. We sailed that night from Dover, and pursued our journey day and night for some days, as far as railway extended, and then by diligence and steam, until on the eighth day we arrived at Naples. Worn out and fatigued by our

continuous travel, we both retired early to recruit our exhausted strength.

Early on the following morning we repaired to the residence of the British consul ; what was my relief and satisfaction at finding our good friend Dennis on the look out for us. He demonstrated his joy at seeing me by throwing his cap into the air, and shouting “*hurroo!*” several times, to the amazement of the spectators, who evidently thought him insane.

“*Och, och!*” exclaimed Dennis, “I knew ye’d be hot on his thracks ; an’, begorra, av yez had been wan day sooner ye’d have cotched him here. We sailed into the bay yesterday morning, and took in provishins an’ watther ; and faith, Mr. Mirvyn,” said he, “I thocht it was toime to give him the slip, for I observed the Count an’ that baste o’ a mate colloguing togither, an’ looking hard at me, and I jist mizzled as quick as I could ; I slipped over the side into the ‘dingy,’ and paddled ashore as fast as ivir I did whin I wor bathin’, an’ saw wan o’ thim bottle-nozed sharks about ; an’ I made off through the town till evening, an’ thin I came down to the mole an’ saw she was gone ; an’ I’ve been lookin’ out for ye all mornin’. I’m thinking I know where she’s bound for, or thereabouts ; tho’ I don’t know the name o’ the place, but it’s not far from ‘Corfoo,’ or wan o’ thim islands, and iv ye can make hot purshuit ye’ll be close on his heels yit.”

I asked Dennis how he had got this intelligence ; he told me he had “got thick” wid a black boy that “sarved out” the “rashins” from the cook’s galley, and was, he thought, a Malay, and that he had “got out of him,” from time to time during the voyage, that the Count had a house on the shore of one of the islands in the Grecian seas, and

moorings for the yacht ; and that he had heard him telling the mate that he would take her there and remain for some months in those seas.

We spent the greater part of the day making enquiries as to the most expeditious mode of getting to Corfu, which we thought would be the best port to go to, in the first instance, but were unable to ascertain that there was any direct communication from Naples. We at length concluded that our best plan was to hire or purchase a small vessel, which we should have to do in any case at Corfu ; and we spent some hours in endeavouring to ascertain whether one could be procured, but without success.

Wearied and chagrined at the delay, and apparent failure of our efforts, the Colonel and I entered a large café adjoining our hotel, and ordered some dinner to be served immediately, intending to pursue our inquiries during the evening. The tables were all occupied, and after walking through the room for some minutes in search of a seat, an officer in the uniform of the American navy said,—

“ I say, stranger, guess yer stumped, and can’t find seats hendy ; don’t be streaked,—tell the garcon to bring your chickin-fixins here, and I’ll make room for you and yer guvnor.”

Thanking him for his politeness, Colonel De Burgho and I gladly availed ourselves of his invitation ; in a few minutes dinner was served, and we found ourselves chatting familiarly with our new acquaintance.

“ Guess, stranger,” said he, addressing himself to me, “ yer Britishers ?”

I replied that we were proud to call ourselves the subjects of her Britannic Majesty.

“ Yer right, strangers,” he replied, “ yev a right to be

proud of the old country,—the man that's a Britisher and isn't so, is next to near what I call a darned skunk! I'm a na-tive of the United States of Ameriky, and sport the eagle on my uniform, as you see, and of course I stand up for my own land, but I love the old country too. Let's liquor, and drink her health."

This proposal having been duly honoured, our friend continued.

"I say, guvnor," said he, addressing Colonel De Burgho, "if yer a stranger here—I came here this morning, and I flatter myself I've done Naples, and know every hole and corner in it—if you'd like to take a walk round after dinner, I'll show you the place. My name's Lieutenant Bakhus, of the United States frigate 'Pocohontas,' now lying at Ge-noa,—here's my pasteboard," handing his card,—"what's yourn?"

At the mention of his name I involuntarily looked down at his feet, which he instantly observing, said,—

"Ye needn't look at my feet, stranger; I hevn't got hoofs. I'm no relation of that ar old chap that was always dancing with the gals, and drinking cocktails and eye-openers; my name isn't spelt that way."

I assured him that he was wrong in his surmise as to the cause of my downward glance; and the Colonel, thanking him for his offer, said that he was too much fatigued to avail himself of it, and that, in addition, he and I had some urgent business to attend to during the evening.

"Perhaps, Colonel," said I, "Lieutenant Bakhus could assist us in finding what we want."

"If I can," said he, "guess I'll do it, stranger, and feel peskily proud to help you, or any Britisher that's keeled over."

I then explained that we wished to purchase a small

vessel to carry us to Corfu, and thence to cruise among the islands on the coast of Greece, but that we had been as yet unable to find one suitable for our purpose.

“ Lieutenant Bakhus,” said Colonel De Burgho, “ I am a soldier, and observe that you belong to an equally honourable profession ; you have kindly expressed your willingness to assist me in my objects, and I accept your offer with gratitude ; and, at the same time, in a spirit of confidence which should subsist between gentlemen who have defended the honour of their country, and bear her commission, I will frankly inform you of my difficulties and objects in undertaking this voyage.”

He then, without reserve, informed him of the abduction of his daughter, describing the Count, his vessel, and crew ; and requesting Lieutenant Bakhus’s advice and assistance.

“ Kurnal,” said he, “ I’m grit,—and don’t think I’m high-falutin when I say I’ll see you thro’ this business, or my name’s not Bakhus. But yer barking up the wrong tree ; ye’ll get nothing to buy here but some old fishin’ jigger that couldn’t put to see without being overhauled for a month, and the sailors here would hardly venture out of sight of the coast. If it does come on squally, even off shore, down they go on their knees before an image of some saint, and let the vessel drift ; and for fighting—they’d absquatulate at the first shot ; they’re the biggest cowards in the world, as well as the greatest thieves. But I can help you in another way ; my ship, the ‘Pocohontas,’ is lying at Ge-noa, and a friend of mine who has gone home to the States, left his yacht in my charge,—in fact, she’s mine for the next two months ; she is well fitted out and ready for sea, all but provisions, and they can be shipped in a day at most. I sailed down here along the coast in

one of her boats in two days, and if you can start early to-morrow, we will reach Ge-noa in the same time, as the wind is now fair. I saw the yacht you describe, in the bay yesterday, but she sailed in the evening ; she's a smart one, and well handled ; but I think the 'Ariadne'—that's the name of my friend's yacht would be more than her match in a head sea ; as for fighting, she's manned by a crew that would swinge double the number of those red-capped varmin you tell me are on board the 'Gulnare' ; now, stranger, if yer up to ready, I'm spry."

The Colonel thanked our new friend with much warmth of feeling, and expressed his anxiety to depart at the earliest moment.

"Wa'al, then, let's liquor on it ;—here, garçon, cocktails, squiggle, you varmint, or I'll lift yer hair," was the Lieutenant's reply. "We'll breakfast at daylight, and sail in an hour after, and we can arrange our plans on the way. I'll wire to Ge-noa, and have the 'Ariadne' ready for sea, and save a day. Good-night, Kurnal ; jist you reckon there'll be no fizzlin' in this bizniss ; we'll knock yer friend the Count into a cocked hat in no time, if we can only catch him ; so keep up yer pecker, for I guess he'll be a gone coon before he's done with Zeth Bakhus."

CHAPTER VIII.

“ The royal navy of England hath ever been its greatest defence and ornament ; it is its ancient and natural strength—the floating bulwark of our island.”—*Blackstone*.

AT an early hour next morning we embarked on board a roomy and well-appointed boat, manned by a crew of three men, including Dennis, whom we asked permission to bring. We sailed along the coast, merely touching at Civita Vecchia and Livorno for water ; at the latter place the Colonel disembarked and visited his friend the consul, but acquired from him no further information.

“ Kurnal,” said Lieutenant Bakhus, as we sailed smoothly along on the morning of our embarkation, “ there’s one thing I can’t see daylight into at all—why you Britishers are always spread-eagling one day about your navy, and funkering the next ; up gets one of your Parliament men and says, ‘ We’ve forty ships in commission that’s fit to lick creation ;’ and another gets up when he sits down, and says, ‘ We haven’t one fit to go to sea.’ The papers follow suit, and yer always washing yer dirty linen in public. Now, I know, for I see yer ships in every station, that your talk’s all flam. Yev good ships, and plenty of them ; and yer officers and men are full of grit, know their duty, an’ll do it ; but yev a lot of buncombes in yer Parliament House that are kinky and always gabbling about things that are above their heads ; and there’s as much tall talk in yer

House of Commons as there is at an Indian Sachem Council ; and much the same result, for they both end in smoke."

" You are right, Lieutenant Bakhus," said the Colonel ; " I am often astonished and ashamed at the tone of our naval debates ; but I fear this will always be the case so long as unprofessional heads of departments are placed over our naval administration ; and this, I think, will continue until we have another naval war, when some great sailor will distinguish himself, and public opinion will demand that professionally skilled administrators shall have their proper place and due reward. We are better off in the army ; we have a soldier at the head of it."

" Wa'al, all I can say is, that for ships and guns, and men to work them, yer navy can lick creation, and a good deal to spare ; but take my advice, and have a sailor at the head of your naval council, for the commercial men you sometimes appoint can't get the principle of limited liability out of their heads ; and, indeed, it's but fair that their liability, or responsibility, should be tenderly considered when their knowledge of naval matters must be so limited."

" That is a very fair witticism and reproach, Lieutenant," said the Colonel ; " but how do you manage these matters in the States ?"

" We're worse off, by a long chalk, Kurnal," he replied. " With us it's all an almighty fizzle from top to bottom. We have a department of the navy, as you have ; but, then, we build and repair most of our ships by contract, and that's an all-fired bad way of getting a good war ship. But look at your commercial navy—that's an eye-opener ; and your mail-carrying steamers—why, if you hadn't a war ship at all, and had time to convert them into fighting ships, I really believe you would be a match for any single navy in the world."

The Colonel expressed much surprise at this statement, but said he had not sufficiently studied the subject to give a confident opinion on it.

“ Wa’al, sir, I’ve studied it, an’ I say that your Government, in commercial matters, is the longest-headed, far-seeing government in the world. They know that postal and passenger facilities are needed by all classes, and that the money they pay for them returns by a thousand channels of trade to the Imperial Treasury. Do you know, sir, that the British mercantile marine of sea-going steamships amounts to more than two thousand vessels, of which over one hundred are subsidized as mail boats, carrying passengers and letters to all parts of the globe—at a charge to your Government of a million and a quarter annually, only about a half of which is returned to the Post Office ? ”

We expressed our ignorance of this fact, and the Lieutenant continued,—

“ Yes, sir, it’s true ; you Britishers hev got nearly the whole postal communication of the world in your hands. Why a letter from New York to Brazil, four thousand miles distant must needs go by England, Portugal, the coast of Africa, Madeira, and the Cape de Verdes, eight thousand miles, in a British packet ! Now what do we do ? The American mail steamers are about twenty-five in number, some of which have only a nominal mail pay ; our mercantile steam-marine consists of about sixty ships, against your two thousand. This may appear incredible, but it is true ; and furthermore, if we had more ships, we haven’t engineers to man them. When one of our first American mail steamers sailed for Europe, no practised marine engineer could be found to work her engines ; they took a first-class engineer and corps of assistants from one of the North River packets ;

but as soon as the ship got to sea, and heavy weather came on, all the engineers and firemen were taken sick, and for three days it was constantly expected that the ship would be lost. No river engineer is fit for service at sea until he has had months of experience and become accustomed to sea sickness.

“No sir,” he continued, “you must have strength, power, and speed ; full-manned crews, and first-class officers. Your Government have got all these in the only way they are to be had—by paying large subsidies to the contracting companies ; mail steamers cannot live without them, and keep up the required speed. Do you know that a vessel of two thousand tons displacement, steaming six nautical miles per hour, will consume only seven and a half tons of coals per day, while at twelve miles she will consume sixty-one tons. This must be paid for, and also the additional crew required to work her, the additional wear and tear to hull, boilers, and machinery, and the risk always accompanying great speed. Your Government know all this, and are content to bear a heavy loss upon the postal receipts, for the sake of the commerce of the country ; and the result is that England has almost a monopoly of the main passenger and postal routes of the world.”

“You have given me interesting information, Lieutenant Bakhus,” the Colonel observed ; “but if your commercial navy is not in a satisfactory state, you have at least a very fine war marine.”

“We’ve nothing of the kind, Kurnal,” he replied ; “we’ve a navy on paper that we’re always spread-eagling and falutin’ about ; but what is the fact ? As regards our steam navy, it is too small to afford adequate protection to our commerce and citizens, much less to defend the country in time

of war. We have not steamers enough in the navy to place one at each of our important seaports, much less to send them to foreign stations."

On the afternoon of the second day we were rapidly nearing Genoa, and arrived alongside the "Ariadne" early in the evening ; having arranged to meet on the following morning, we separated for the night. On reassembling, we found that she was quite ready for sea, and had laid in water and seastock for a fortnight's cruise. We paid a visit to the commander of the "Pocohontas," inspected that fine vessel, asked and obtained an extension of leave for Lieutenant Bakhus, which was graciously granted by that gallant officer, and returned to our yacht. We set sail that evening for Corfu.

As soon as we were clear of the harbour the Colonel proposed that we should go to the cabin and hold a council of war, but from this nothing resulted, the fact being that until our arrival at Corfu we could get no information of the whereabouts of the "Gulnare," and we therefore adjourned our consultation for the present. We were glad to find that the yacht was well supplied with charts of the Mediterranean, and of all the shores of Greece, which her owner had navigated, in search of pleasure, for some years past.

"He's a go-ahead feller, the owner of this yacht," said Lieutenant Bakhus, "and if he was here, would go into this adventure heart and soul. But the yacht's mine for the time, and she is a first-class seaboat, if we recover your daughter, Kurnal, within a few days, as I hope we will, I'll just turn her head to the British Islands, and deliver you all safe and sound on yer native soil ; for I would like to see this affair out, and also to see the old castle, and the scene

of your friend the Count's proceedings. It's a romance, this aire."

The Colonel expressed himself overjoyed at the prospect of such a return home, and of a visit from our friend, for by this time the old soldier and the young sailor had become mutual admirers, the open and straightforward nature of both having already led to a warm and sincere friendship.*

* For the naval details in this chapter the author is indebted to a work published in New York, entitled "The Ocean Post."

CHAPTER IX.

“ And dars’t thou, then,
To beard the lion in his den—
The Douglas in his hall.”—*Scott.*

WE reached Corfu on the evening of the second day, well pleased with the sailing qualities of the “ *Ariadne*.” On making inquiry we ascertained that the “ *Gulnare*” had arrived there on the previous morning, and, after a few hours’ stay, had sailed again, it was supposed, as was her custom, for the Gulf of *Ægina*. Replenishing our water casks, we sailed in pursuit with the utmost despatch ; and on touching at the port of Poros, again procured intelligence of her movements.

Colonel De Burgho’s anxiety and agitation increased visibly as he neared the object of his search, and I congratulated myself that I had insisted on accompanying him, for even he acknowledged that the enterprise would require a caution and wariness which he, moved as he was with apprehensions for the safety of his daughter, could not now command. Even I myself began to feel the excitement of the approaching crisis ; and we both felt how much we were likely to be indebted to the cool judgment and wise advice of our friend Lieutenant Bakhus, when the decisive moment should arrive.

“ *Kurnal*,” said he, “ we’re close on the trail. I know your great anxiety to recover your daughter soon, but all

may be spoiled by too much haste ; my advice is that we give our friend a day, or even two, to lay up his yacht and land his crew. From inquiry I made at Corfu, they are nearly all Greeks from this vicinity ; the probability is that they are natives of the islands in this gulf. I have no doubt that under present circumstances the Count will not venture out into the Mediterranean for some time, in which case he will lay up his vessel in a snug harbor near his abode, and will keep his crew together for a day or two for that purpose ; they will then disperse to their homes. If we anticipate this by following them up too closely, we shall have a fierce encounter and some loss of life, and I should not feel disposed to put my friend's crew and yacht in such jeopardy ; besides, I really think our object will be more securely attained by the course I propose."

" I entirely concur in your opinion, Lieutenant Bakhus," replied the Colonel ; " in fact, I have resolved to defer in all matters to the advice of yourself and my friend Mervyn, as I am aware that my feelings might prompt me to injudicious and premature action. I therefore put myself under your command, having the greatest confidence in you both."

We bowed our acknowledgments, and the Lieutenant, thinking for a moment, said,—

" Wa'al then, Kurnal ; we'll just stop here for two days and scout ; the Count's place of retreat can't be more than fifty miles off, and we'll be able to find out his whereabouts from some of the skippers about this port. It won't do to run straight to the place ; we must cruise round to some small port as near to it as possible, but not visible from it ; and creep round the shore in some kind of disguise ; there are excellent telescopes on board, and we can sweep the coasts as we go, and make pretty sure of the 'Gulnare' at twenty miles."

“ I think, Lieutenant,” said I, “ we should purchase about a dozen fishermen’s dresses, such as they wear here ; it occurs to me that, to disarm suspicion, we had better adopt the local costume when we come to close quarters and the moment for action arrives.”

“ Yer right,” said he ; “ these Greeks are the cunningest critters out—it won’t do to take one of our boats within five miles of the place ; we’ll have to hire na-tive boats for that job ;—but let’s go ashore and look about.”

We anchored in the bay of Poros, and in a few minutes the Colonel, Lieutenant Bakhus, and I, landed on the fishing quay. Our arrival did not cause much excitement, as the place was frequently visited by yachts in the summer season. We sauntered about, examining the town in a careless lounging manner, deferring our purchases till the next day, and endeavoring to find some person with whom we could converse. On returning to the mole, with the intention of embarking and renewing our visit to the town in the morning, an old sailor, who was leaning against the wall, said in broken English, “ That’s a nice vessel of yours, Eccellenza ; but there’s one in this gulf that could give her a mile in ten, and maybe more.” This, we saw, was the opportunity we were seeking ; so lighting our pipes and presenting the old tar with an ample “ quid”—the best introduction all over the world to one of his class—we sat down on a log of timber, and soon entered into a lively conversation.

“ Yes,” said he, “ there’s not a vessel, big or little, in these seas that can beat the ‘ Gulnare.’ She sailed by here, close inshore yesterday, with a fresh breeze, and she was out of sight round that point in five minutes ; she’s at her moorings now, no doubt, and she’ll lie there for three weeks, or a month ; for now’s the time for catching fish along these

coasts, and salting them for winter stock ; and her crew will be off home till the Count wants them again."

"Where does she lie ?" said I, lighting another pipe, and looking as indifferent as possible.

"About forty miles from here," he replied. "You can see the island on a clear day ; it's called Angistri, and she lies in a small bay about a mile from the Count's house ; it's an old ruined tower that he has partly repaired."

I handed our informant another quid, and saying that we might land again to-morrow, we walked carelessly down the steps and stepped into our boat.

The Colonel and Lieutenant Bakhus had listened attentively to my conversation with the old sailor, and when we arrived on board we at once consulted our charts and found the island of Angistri delineated on it as described.

"We'll stay here to-morrow, Kurnal," said the Lieutenant, "and the morning after, if the wind favours, we'll drop down towards it, and give it a wide berth ; we'll find out to-morrow, with the help of a couple more quids, on which side of the island our friend resides, and we'll then know pretty near where the 'Gulnare' is berthed. I'm not sure but that it would be a good plan to hire that old cove as a pilot for a week ; we can tell him that we're goin' to cruise about the gulf. He'll show us the Count's tower, and where the yacht lies, and after that we'll give him a bottle of rum, and let him enjoy himself in the fo'-castle till we've done our business."

We went ashore next afternoon, purchased the fisherman's dresses, and made an engagement with our acquaintance Beppo to pilot us during our stay. He came on board early next morning, and we at once weighed anchor and directed our course for the island ; he informed us that the Count's abode was a few miles south of the small port of Angistri,

and we directed him to steer the yacht close by the southern point of the island, and then along the coast at about ten miles distance, and to the north of the island of Epidauros. Early in the afternoon we sighted the Count's tower, and the port of Angistri, which he pointed out, and which were plainly visible through our glasses. The tower was situated upon a projecting headland, that appeared to rise perpendicularly from the sea ; but between it and the port there extended a long stretch of pebly beach, and we could see numerous fishing-boats in the intervening bay.

“Kurnal,” said Lieutenant Bakhus, “our plan will be to moor the yacht this evening behind that point north of the port, where she will not be visible from the tower ; and early to-morrow to hire a couple of those fishing-boats, with one of the na-tives only in each to navigate them. You and I and one of our men can go in one, and Mervyn, your friend Dennis, and one of the crew in the other. We will array ourselves in the fishing-garments we have provided, sail along the bay among the other boats, and land on that beach close to the headland. I will have the pinnace fully manned and armed, and after our departure from the yacht ready to put off and keep us in view, cruising about within sight and awaiting a signal, which we can arrange, to bear down upon us. Mervyn, Dennis, and two of my men will land, while you and I remain in the boats. Of course we must all be fully armed ; but I do not see that we can make any further plans in regard to Mervyn's proceeding on shore, which I think must be left to his discretion when he lands ; ignorant as we are of the environs of the Count's abode. If he is so fortunate as to meet with and rescue your daughter, of course he will rejoin us as quickly as be can, and we will then put off and signal the pinnace to come to our aid.”

“ You have devised a most sagacious plan, Lieutenant,” replied Colonel De Burgho. “ The rescue can only be effected mainly by stratagem ; though I fear if the Count is encountered he will resist. All your plans, however, are most excellent.”

We sailed at a swift rate past the island and port of Angistri, and towards evening put about, and after a couple of tacks anchored in the bay we had selected ; some boats came alongside to offer fish for sale, and through the medium of Beppo we engaged two of them for a pretended fishing excursion on the morrow, specially directing their owners to bring their lines and nets. We then selected two of the most athletic and intelligent men on board, and having served out arms and ammunition, retired to recruit ourselves for the serious undertaking of the succeeding day.

CHAPTER X.

“ As mastiff that below the deer-hound lies,
Fixed by the gullet fast, with holding bite,
Sorely bestirs himself and vainly tries,
With lips besmear’d with foam and eyes alight,
And cannot from beneath the conqueror rise,
Who foils his foe, by force, and not despite ;
So vainly strives the monach of Argier
To rise from underneath the cavalier.”—*Ariosto.*

EARLY next forenoon we embarked as arranged on board the fishing-boats, and sailed slowly along the coast, passing the port of Angistri without landing, our object being to avoid any of the Count’s crew who might be natives of that place. As we approached the headland I kept a sharp look out for the “Gulnare,” which Beppo had informed us was always moored not far from the tower ; and I was rewarded by seeing her tapering masts overtopping a jutting rock, behind which she lay in a land-locked creek, almost invisible from any pursuing vessel ; her sails had been removed, and we were safe from pursuit, so far as she was concerned, could we only rescue Norah and convey her in safety on board the “Ariadne.”

We set our nets and lines in the bay, as other boatmen were doing, and then rowed slowly toward the beach, close under the headland. Our costumes were a perfect disguise, and at a short distance we were not distinguishable from the fisherman on the shore. As pre-arranged, Dennis, the two

yachtsman, and I, landed and wandered carelessly about under the cliff. At length I espied a pathway which I had no doubt was the means of approach to the tower, as on one side there was stretched a rope made of the green fibers of the vine, for the assistance of those who mounted its steep ascent. In a small sandy cave, I observed the "Gulnare's" coble, or "dingy," hauled up, and this left no doubt in my mind that this pathway was the Count's mode of access to the tower, and means of communication with his yacht. Beckoning silently to my companions to follow me, we cautiously ascended the pathway, which took a zigzag course upward, now and again resting ourselves to recover our breath, and reconnoitre our advance ; we occasionally perceiving at some turn in the path, the two fishing boats near the beach, and saw that our friends were anxiously watching our progress ; when we had nearly reached the summit the path widened out, and we calculated that we must be close to the tower, and just beneath it. I looked stealthily over the cliff, and saw that it overhung the sea at that place, and was apparently about one hundred and fifty feet from the water ; on cautiously looking round a jutting point, I saw a small alcove excavated in the face of the rock, and a rustic bench fitted into it, capable of seating several persons. The rock in front had been cut away, and rose gently towards the top of the cliff ; the space in front of the alcove being covered with a short marine grass, of a very dry and slippery nature. Observing this, I took off my shoes, and signalled to my companions to do the same, being aware of the advantage it would give us in any personal encounter. The view from this spot was magnificent ; below us lay the blue sea, covered with numberless tiny sails, and boats of every size engaged in fishing ; in the distance we could see the

promontory of Methana, the island of Epidauros, and the Gulf of Dora, over which the white-winged craft glittered in the powerful sunbeams. We could see the pinnace scudding about to the no'rard and just keeping the headland in view, as we had arranged. I felt convinced that after midday, the alcove being in shade, it would be visited by the Count and Norah, and I whispered to my companions that I would not ascend farther at present, as I had no doubt that this was a place of daily resort by the inhabitants of the tower.

We sat down on the margin of the pathway, and waited patiently for nearly an hour, examining our arms and conversing in whispers. Suddenly my ear caught the sound of voices nearly overhead, and, listening intently, I was satisfied that they were approaching our place of concealment. I told Dennis to remain with me, and instructed the yachtsmen, should the lady be rescued, to convey her at once to the boats, and signal to the pinnace. The Colonel and Lieutenant Bakhus were, I knew, well armed, and could defend themselves against probable attack until assistance reached them ; Norah's safety thus provided for, I did not doubt that Dennis and I could hold the pass against an equal number of assailants, and eventually make good our retreat. I had scarcely completed these arrangements, and was listening in breathless suspense, when I heard the voices of the Count and Norah within a few yards ; and, peering cautiously round the nook, observed them taking their seats in the alcove.

The air was still, and every word spoken was distinctly heard by me.

“ Norah,” said the Count, “ why will you not yield to my wishes ? Why will you not be my wife ? ”

“Count Albano,” she replied, in a mournful voice, “there was a time when you possessed my whole heart, but you have forfeited my love and respect by your treacherous and disgraceful treatment of my dear father; but, quite irrespective of that, he has my solemn pledge that I will never marry without his approval; it is impossible now that he could consent to our union, and the only atonement you can make for your breach of honour to him, and your disregard of my feelings, is to restore me to his care at once.”

“Beloved Norah,” said the Count, “what you ask is impossible. I cannot relinquish you now; even if I were willing, my yacht is laid up, and my crew dispersed, and for some weeks it would be impossible to recall them; you cannot remain the inmate of this tower for weeks, with no female companion, and you have no prospect of escape; there is but one course open to you—become my wife, and at once.”

“I have told you, Count, my firm determination not to yield to your unmanly importunities. I will never become the wife of any man whom I cannot respect; cease, therefore, to persecute me, as you have daily done since you bore me away from my home. I repeat that were I to submit to your wishes, life would become unbearable to me, and I should die the victim of remorse and shame. Oh my dear father! my dear father! would that you were here!”

The Count laughed in that mocking tone I have previously described, and said,—

“Well, Signora, I will give you one day more to consider and relent, and if you do not, you will clearly understand that on the following day you shall be my wife, whether you consent or not.”

“Then you will understand, sir,” she said, “that, sooner

than submit to such degradation, I will jump over this cliff and put an end to my wretched existence. Oh, my father! my dear father! I will be true to you," she cried. " Beware, wretch, how you provoke his vengeance."

Again the same mocking laugh was heard. A moment after, she exclaimed,—" Stand off, sir, I command you."

I could restrain myself no longer. Beckoning to my companions, and rushing round the corner of the rock, I shouted,—

" Norah, your father is at hand, fly,—fly!"

" Oh, Arthur! save me, save me!" she exclaimed, and ran towards me with extended arms.

" To the boat,—to the boat!" I cried, and delivered her to the care of the yachtsmen, who quickly disappeared with their charge.

The Count, glaring upon me with malignant eyes, drew from his vest a silver whistle, which he blew loudly, and then rushed upon me, drawing a small dagger from his breast. I had loosened my cutlass in its sheath, and was about to draw it, when suddenly recollecting the Count's repugnance to a straight hit out from the shoulder, I shut my fist, and went right at his eyes. He, as formerly, threw himself back, ducked to evade the blow, and in so doing, slipped on the burnt-up grass, and fell upon his back. I was upon him in an instant, and had seized his wrist with a grasp of iron, while with my right hand I clutched his throat with a grip which he vainly struggled to escape from. I did not wish to take his life, but merely to render him insensible, and bind him; but his struggles were so violent that I was obliged to use all my strength to keep him down. I heard a scuffle in the rear, which suddenly ceased, and at the same time my throat was grasped from behind by two

powerful hands, and though I never for a moment relaxed my own grasp upon the Count, I was quickly becoming insensible. I suddenly felt a relief, and looking round, perceived Dennis brandishing a cutlass, and heard him exclaim,—

“ Bedad that settles old scores, I’m thinkin’.”

I rose to my feet, the Count being now perfectly insensible, and saw, quite dead as I supposed, the mate of the “Gulnare” lying on the sward, with a fearful gash on his head, inflicted by Dennis. I questioned him as to what had happened after I had commenced my personal struggle with Count Albano, and he said that when the latter blew his whistle, and attacked me, the Malay youth, who was the Count’s constant companion, ran round the corner of the path and rushed upon him, brandishing “one o’ them crooked swords the Turks fight wid,” and “jumpin’ like an akerbat ; findin’ I couldn’t git near him,” said Dennis, “ I made believe to run away down the padth, an’ he purshued me, but jist as he came close behind me I turned shaip, and stooped, an’ darted me head in between his ligs, and sazed his ankles in me two hands, an’ wid the way that wor on him, he couldn’t stop, an’ I give him a hoist over me head, an’ whin I turned round, I jist seen his feet disappearin’ over the cliff, an’ I looked over, an’ couldn’t see him, but I heard him fall into the say ‘flop’ ; an’ thin I turned an’ ran back to help yer honour, an’ I see that dead baste a-chokin’ ye, an’ I jist guv him his ‘quiatus’ ; an’ be the powers, I’m thinkin’ yev done for the Count yerself, an’ we’d better get to the boats, afore any more of the spalpeens comes at us.”

We descended the footpath rapidly, and found Norah and her protectors embarking. We jumped on board and pulled

towards the pinnance, which shortly met, and took us in tow, the Colonel and Lieutenant Bakhus having resolved not to dismiss the fishermen until we arrived at the yacht. Norah threw herself into her father's arms, and both remained silent and motionless until we boarded the "Ariadne," when they descended to the cabin, and no doubt gave vent to the intensity of their joy at being so happily reunited. We at once weighed anchor and sailed for Poros, where we landed Beppo, well satisfied with the liberal gift Colonel De Burgho placed in his not unwilling hand.

I had taken the precaution of telling Dennis that should the Colonel or Norah interrogate him as to the fate of the Count, he was to say that when we retreated we had left him insensible, but unwounded. In fact, I did not know whether he was dead or merely in a swoon when I relaxed my hold, but inclined to the latter opinion ; not so Dennis.

"Insensible is it," said he ; "begorra, it'll be hard to 'insinse' him intil anything for some time, Mr. Mervyn ; it's me opinion he'll maybe give no more throuble in this world, after the sqazing ye guv him ; but we don't know that he's did, for sartin ; and we'll give him the binifit o' the doubt, av it makes the Colonel an' the lady asier in their moinds. He's a big rascal, alive or did, an' iv it had been lift to me, I'd have sint him after the mate, but av yer sstrong, yer tinder-hearted ; an' ye don't want the young lady to know that he had such a squake for his loife, for the sake iv ould times loike."

"That's it, Dennis," I replied, "it would shock her feelings to know that his death, if he is dead, was so sudden, and, as she would naturally conclude, by my hand. It will be sufficient to say that he was severely stunned by a fall in a personal struggle with me."

We directed our course to Corfu, the Lieutenant being fully bent on shipping stores at that port, and conveying the Colonel and Norah to their home. They came on deck next morning, when Lieutenant Bakhus was formally introduced to Norah, who said that her father had informed her of his great kindness in placing the yacht at his disposal without which timely aid, he had also told her, all his efforts would have proved fruitless.

“ Guess yer governor, miss, was pretty well treed to be sure, when I had the pleasure of meeting him ; but for whatever assistance I have had the good fortune to render, I am fully repaid by the happiness I feel in seeing you rescued from such peril, and restored to his care.”

“ Arthur,” said Norah, “ in my selfish joy at meeting my dear father yesterday I quite forgot to thank you for your watchful care of him, and your anxiety on my behalf, and the great courage you evinced in effecting my escape. You are scarcely aware of the danger you encountered, for Count Albano was surrounded by a numerous and desperate band of adventurers ; and had he been able to summon them to his aid, I shudder to think that you could hardly have escaped with your life, and that my fate would have been sealed ; for I learned during my short stay at the tower, that the island is exclusively inhabited by pirates and rovers of the most reckless character, of whom he is the acknowledged leader. Fortunately, your plans were laid and carried out with the most consummate skill, and you were favoured by the temporary dispersion of his crew. At any other time of the year your enterprise would have been most hazardous ; believe me, Arthur, that I shall never forget your kind solicitude and noble efforts to effect my rescue ; to you and your friend, Lieutenant Bakhus, I give

my most heartful thanks, and bless the good Providence that sent you to my aid."

"Thanks, miss," said the Lieutenant; "we only did our duty, for it is the duty of every man to rush to the assistance of beauty in distress," and here he gallantly uncovered and bowed to Norah, who turned aside to hide the blush his compliment evoked. "Waal, Kurnal," he continued, "'all's well that ends well'—'spose we liquor over it? I've ordered extra grog all round to-day to the crew, and I don't see why the officers should be left out."

"With all my heart, Lieutenant," said the Colonel; "it was the custom of the ancients to celebrate occasions of rejoicing and festivity by pouring out libations to Bacchus. I drink to the health of the jolly god and his worthy namesake."

"Glad to see you so spry, Kurnal. 'Spose we couple with the toast the health of my friend the owner of the 'Ariadne.'"

Having done honour to the toast, we remained on deck till the night closed in, and on the following morning found ourselves at anchor in the harbour of Corfu.

CHAPTER XI.

“ O subtle love ! a thousand wiles thou hast,
By humble suit, by service, or by hire,
To win a maiden’s hold,—a thing soon done,
For nature framed all women to be won.”—*Tasso*.

WE sailed for Cork, and after a prosperous voyage arrived off Queenstown on the eighth day ; the Lieutenant requested us to remain there one day in order that he might “do” Cork, which he accomplished to his satisfaction in a few hours. At daylight on the following morning we weighed anchor and sailed along the western shore, where, although the sea was high, our gallant little vessel breasted the waves, and bore us along so swiftly that we anchored at the moorings which the “Gulnare” had occupied, early in the evening of the same day.

Who could adequately describe the joy of Norah and Kathleen on their happy re-union ? One letter alone, despatched by me from Genoa, had reached the latter, and she had been enduring the most anxious apprehension for our safety. Colonel De Burgho pressed the Lieutenant to remain for at least a week, and share our rejoicings ; but that gallant officer pleaded his inability to absent himself any longer from duty, and sailed for Genoa on the next day, pledging himself to return and visit the castle during the following summer, and to bring his friend, Mr. Milner, the owner of the “Ariadne,” to whom the Colonel requested him to convey his grateful thanks.

Colonel De Burgho liberally rewarded the crew of the "Ariadne," and took Dennis into his service as "commodore of his marine," much to the satisfaction of that worthy fellow, who soon proved himself to be a valuable addition to his establishment.

The autumn and winter months passed away imperceptibly, as time always does with those who are actively employed. I did not venture to press my suit, feeling that it would be indelicate towards Norah to do so. But our intimacy gradually increased, and I knew that my affection would, in due course of time, be reciprocated. I mentioned my hopes to her father and sister, and the former, pressing my hand, said,—

"Nothing, Arthur, would give me greater happiness ; your courage saved her from a fate too awful to contemplate. She must feel deep gratitude to you, and naturally that sentiment will ripen into love ; do not feel discouraged that she does not demonstrate that feeling just yet ; you must consider the shock to her sensibilities from the conduct of one who, we have all agreed, shall be in future nameless. But if you can win her, you have my full consent."

I bided my time, and reaped my reward ; when the summer arrived, and we resumed our boating and walking excursions, my suit made rapid progress. One lovely evening, as we were seated side by side on the fallen tree on which the Colonel and I had rested when he imparted to me the story of the Count's love-suit, I ventured to express my hopes in language which I shall not here repeat, but which came from my heart. She remained silent for some time, and at length, looking up with an earnest and imploring gaze, said,—

"Arthur, you have my heart, it is all yours now ; not

from a mere feeling of gratitude for what you did and risked for me, but from the conviction that we possess each other's affections. There is but one thing that could ever mar my happiness, and that is the apprehension that sometimes fills me that the unhappy man who caused me such misery died by your hand ; I loved him once,—that has long passed away, but it would rejoice me to hear that he still lives."

"Then, dearest, I can reassure you upon that point, for, from a letter I lately received from Lieutenant Bakhus, I am happy to inform you, and am myself well pleased to know, that he lives, and has re-appeared in the Gulf of Genoa ; and we may dismiss the apprehension which, I am free to admit, I have shared with you on that painful subject."

"Then, Arthur," she said, "my happiness—our happiness—will be without alloy. My dear father approves of our union, and nothing remains—"

"But to seal the contract, dearest," I replied ; which I did in a way that can be well imagined, but could not be described.

"True love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven :
It is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly ;
It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it doth not die.
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind."

About a week after the event which crowned my happiness the "Ariadne" appeared in the offing, and the

lieutenant and Mr. Milner, her owner, were welcomed by the Colonel with all the warmth and sincerity of his grateful heart and manly nature. They remained some weeks at the castle, during which we took several excursions in the yacht, and visited the western highlands of Ireland, as well as the charming scenery on the south-west coast. The Colonel celebrated the arrival of his friends by continuous festivities, to which all the friends of his family were invited, as well as the tenantry of the estate, not the least prominent character on these occasions being our friend Dennis, whose somewhat exaggerated description of his “com-bat wid that black devil o’ a Malay, an’ Mr. Mervyn’s foight wid the Count wid swords an’ daggers, begorra,” was circulated widely over the country, redounding greatly to our reputation for strength and valour among the credulous peasantry, and was published by the local papers, with additional embellishments, which I found it impossible to suppress.

Our guests at length sailed for the Mediterranean, having arranged that part of the next summer should be spent on board the “Ariadne” in cruising on that delightful sea ; but before they departed, Norah and I had arrived at the conclusion that we should not much longer enjoy the society of her charming sister, and that her future home on land would be across the broad Atlantic, and on sea, the “Ariadne.”

Dennis was, and is to this day, the most inveterate consumer of tobacco I ever met ; he not only smoked and chewed, but also, like many old sailors, “plugged” his nose. If every adult in the kingdom contributed as much to the excise on tobacco as he did, there would be no necessity for any other tax.

Observing him one day as he sat mending a net, and replenishing his pipe continually, I said,—

“ Dennis, you consume a great quantity of tobacco.”

“ Well, yer honour, I takes three shmokes iviry day ; I takes wan between the toime I rises an’ brakfast, an’ I shmokes after brakfast till I gits me dinner, and thin fram that an’ till supper—that’s only three shmokes intoirely ; but wos yer honour ivir in Spain ?”

“ No,” I replied, “ never.”

“ Och, yer honour, but that’s the countthree for prastes an’ shmokin’ ; the clargy craals about as thick as black-beetles in an atin’-house kitchen, wid hats an thim as big as umberrillas. There’s a sayport they calls Cadiz, an’ wan day me an’ two iv me mates got lave an’ wint ashore, an’ up intil the countthree a few moiles. An’ we came to a posaddy, a koind o’ grate shebeen-inn, wid a kitchen as big as the Kurnal’s barn ; down we sits at a table an’ knocks an it wid the hafts ov our cutlashes till they brung us a cheese, an’ a loaf ov brid, like a big sod o’ mud turf, an’ not much betther to ate ; an’ a jug iv some dhrink that tasted loike a mixter o’ salt wather an’ shoe blackin’, or the koind o’ clarrit they call ‘ Gladstone.’”

“ Where,” said I, “ did you meet with that liquor ?”

“ Shure, yer honour, doesn’t the sailors down Wapping way trate their swatehearts till it ; it’s sixpince a pint.”

“ But,” he continued, “ I wor sayin’ as we wos atin’, in walks three prastes, an’ sits down at the nixt table, an’ ordhers up about a gallon ov some kind o’ ‘ agua,’ I think they called it, but whatever it wos it wor sthongher than tay anyhow.

“ Well, yer honour, a big fat chap, wid a waist loike a barril, pulls out a pipe wid a bowl as big as a coffee-pot, an’ loads it, an’ begins puffin’ loike Vashoovus ; just as he wos

blazin' away full sthame the odther two prastes winks knowin' loike, an' wan o' thim sazes the poipe an' pulls it cut o' the fat fellas mouth. I saw there wos somegameup, an nudges one o' me mates that knew the Spanish lingo—an' here's what they said in English,—

“‘ What div ye mane,’ sez the fat fellas, ‘ be sazin’ me poipe that-a-way? Be japers, av ye don’t lave go I’ll smash yer head.’

“‘ Father Padro,’ sez he, ‘ I’ve too grate a rigard for yer sowl to do anythin’ o’ the kind.’

“‘ Rigard for me sowl, what’s that to do wid shmokin?’

“‘ A grate dale,’ sez the chap that was lookin’ an; ‘ shurely yev hard till o’ the new rigulations o’ purgatory?’

“‘ No, I haven’t.’

“‘ Well, Father Padro,’ sez the wan that had a hoult o’ the poipe, ‘ the sooner ye know thim the betther for yer chance o’ heaven.’

“‘ It’s all in me oi an’ Betty Martin,’ sez Padro, ‘ it’s chaffin’ yez are.’

“‘ It’s no sich thin’,’ sez both o’ thim; ‘ it wor tiligraft to Room yistherday.’

“‘ Yez must know,’ sez one o’ thim, ‘ that the Pope wrut a very stiff litter to Saint Pether to know what wor the rason so many Spanishees was turned away from the gates, an’ Saint Pether he tiligraft down as follys:—

“ The famale saints complained that shmokin’ had got so gineral that they could no longer put up wid the offinsive smill o’ sstrong tobaccy, an’ I wor consthrained to take some stips to stamp it out, an’ I’ve done it be a gran’ dodge. I got up a bull foight outside the gates, an’ the minnit the Spanish saints heered till o’ it iviry modther’s son o’ thim came runnin’, beggin’ to be let out, ‘ jist this wan toime,

good Saint Pether, to see the foight.' Well, yer Holiness, I consinted, but as soon as they wor all outside, I turned the kay in the lock, an' divvle a wan o' thim I'd let in agin till he'd guv a plidge not to shmoke poipes and cigars, on pain o' tin years longer in purghatory ; but the famale saints allows thim to shmoke cigarettes, an' shmokes thim thim-silves, as they did in Spain, an' as I'm tould the fast girls o' the pariod is now doin' in France an' Englan'. Yer Holiness will pardon me, but it 'id be as much as me place is worth to let in any that rifuses to take the plidge. The famale saints would kick up sich a row. I've sent away sivilal, an' I've no doubt some o' thim has complained, but, wid all rispict to yer Holiniss's infallybilitee, I must do me dhuty."

" Well, yer honour, the whole three o' thim fell to a laffin, an' the fat chap got black in the face an' nearly rowlt off his chair, an' whin he came to, sez he,—

" ' Ye big blaggards, I knew roightly ye wor "gaggin," and as your sphiritual shuparior I ordher yez to stan' anodther gallon of " agua." They trated us dacently wid glasses apiece, an' be me faith the sthuff wor nearly as sstrong as navy rum."

Years—long, happy years—have gone by since the events recorded in this narrative took place. Colonel De Burgho, alas ! has passed away from the scenes he loved so well ; Norah, still beautiful, cheers the evening of my life, and, in sentimental moments, sings to the accompaniment of her harp :—

“ As when the footsteps of a comrade parting,
To seek his fortune on some distant shore,
Retreating fall ; and the warm tear-drops starting,
Silent adown our grief-wrung faces pour.

We—fond remembrance of the past retracing,
 Of joyous days and hours together seen
 Pray, as our old and well-loved friend embracing,
 Our youthful memories may be ever green.

Scenes of my youth, enchanting vision, waning
 In memory's lingering twilight—still so dear ;
 Far from thee severed, pensive, uncomplaining,
 I mourn the loss of each declining, vanished year,
 'Tis one more time-mark gone, from thee dividing,
 As envious seas, disjoining, span between
 The exile and his home—the silent gliding
 From vernal brightness to dark autumn's glooming sheen."

THE END.





